NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

Without Concealment----Without Compromise.

VOLUME VI.---NO. 11. NEW-YORK, THURSDAY, AUGUST 14, 1845. WHOLE NUMBER 271.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY,

BY THE

AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

At 142, Nassau Street, New-York.

Sydney Howard Gay, Maria Weston Chapman, Edmund Quincy, } Editors.

☞ All communications for the paper, and letters relating to its pecuniary concerns, should be addressed to SYDNEY HOWARD GAY.

Donations to the Treasury of the American Anti-Slavery Society may be forwarded to FRANCIS JACKSON, Treasurer, at Boston; or to S. H. GAY, Assistant Treasurer, at New-York.

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H. M. HENRY, PRINTER.

Pro-Slavery.

GOVERNOR HAMMOND'S LETTER ON SOUTHERN SLAVERY.

SILVER BLUFF, (S. C.) March 24, 1845.

SIR:—In my letter to you of the 28th January—which I trust you have received ere this—I mentioned that I had lost your circular letter soon after it had come to hand. It was, I am glad to say, only mislaid, and has within a few days been recovered. A second perusal of it induces me to resume my pen. Unwilling to trust my recollections from a single reading, I did not in my last communication attempt to follow the course of your argument, and meet directly the points made and the terms used. I thought it better to take a general view of the subject which could not fail to traverse your most material charges. I am well aware, however, that for fear of being tedious, I omitted many interesting topics altogether, and abstained from a complete discussion of some of those introduced. I do not propose now to *exhaust* the subject; which it would require volumes to do; but without waiting to learn—which I may never do—your opinion of what I have already said, I sit down to supply some of the deficiencies of my letter of January, and, with your circular before me, to reply to such parts of it as have not been fully answered.

It is, I perceive, addressed, among others, to "such as have never visited the Southern States" of this Confederacy, and professes to enlighten their ignorance of the actual "condition of the poor slave in their own country." I cannot help thinking you would have displayed prudence in confining the circulation of your letter altogether to such persons. You might then have indulged with impunity in giving, as you have done, a picture of Slavery drawn from your own excited imagination, or from those impure fountains, the Martineaus, Marryatts, Trollopes, and Dickenses, who have profited by catering, at our expense, to the jealous sensibilities and debauched tastes of your countrymen. Admitting that you are familiar with the history of Slavery, and the past discussions of it, as I did, I now think rather broadly, in my former letter, what can *you know* of the true *condition* of the "poor slave" here? I am not aware that you have ever visited this country, or even the West Indies. Can you suppose that because you have devoted your life to the investigation of the subject—commencing it under the influence of an enthusiasm so melancholy at first, and so volcanic afterwards, as to be nothing short of hallucination—pursuing it as men of *one idea* do everything, with the single purpose of establishing your own view of it—gathering your information from discharged seamen, disappointed speculators, factious politicians, visionary reformers, and scurrilous tourists—opening your ears to every species of complaint, exaggeration, and falsehood that interested ingenuity could invent, and never for a moment questioning the truth of anything that could make for your cause—can you suppose that all this has qualified you, living the while in England, to form or approximate towards the formation of a correct opinion of the condition of slaves among us? I know the power of self-delusion. I have not the least doubt that you think yourself the very best informed man alive on this subject, and that many think so likewise. So far as facts go, even after deducting from your list a great deal that is not fact, I will not deny that probably your collection is the most extensive in existence. But as to the *truth* in regard to Slavery, there is not an adult in this region but knows more of it than you do. *Truth* and *fact* are, you are aware, by no means synonymous terms. Ninety-nine facts may constitute a falsehood: the hundredth, added or alone, gives the truth. With all your knowledge of facts, I undertake to say that you are entirely and grossly ignorant of the real condition of our slaves. And from all that I can see, you are equally ignorant of the essential principles of human association revealed in history, both sacred and profane, on which Slavery rests, and which will perpetuate it forever in some form or other. However you may declaim against it; however powerfully you may array atrocious incidents; whatever appeals you may make to the heated imaginations and tender sensibilities of mankind, believe me, your total blindness of the *whole truth*, which alone constitutes *the truth*, incapacitates you from ever making an impression on the sober reason and sound common sense of the world. You may seduce thousands—you can convince no one. Whenever and wherever you, or the advocates of your cause, can arouse the passions of the weak-minded and the ignorant, and, bringing to bear with them the interests of the vicious and unprincipled, overwhelm common sense and reason—as God sometimes permits to be done—you may triumph. Such a triumph we have witnessed in Great Britain. But I trust it is far distant here. Nor can it from its nature be extensive or enduring. Other classes of reformers, animated by the same spirit as the Abolitionists, attack the institution of marriage, and even the established relations of parent and child. And they collect instances of barbarous cruelty and shocking degradation which rival, if they do not throw into the shade, your Slavery statistics. But the rights of marriage and parental authority rest upon truths as obvious as they are unchangeable—coming home to every human being—self-impressed forever on the individual mind, and cannot be shaken until the whole man is corrupted, nor subverted until civilized society becomes a putrid mass. Domestic Slavery is not so universally understood, nor can it make such a direct appeal to individuals or society beyond its pale. Here, prejudice and passion have room to sport at the expense of others. They may be excited and urged to dangerous action, remote from the victims they mark out. They may, as they have done, effect great mischief, but they cannot be made to maintain, in the long run, dominion over reason and common sense, nor ultimately put down what God has ordained.

You deny, however, that Slavery is sanctioned by God, and your chief argument is, that when he gave to Adam dominion over the fruits of the earth and the animal creation, he stopped there. "He never gave him any further right over his fellow-men." You restrict the descendants of Adam to a very short list of rights and powers, duties and responsibilities, if you limit them solely to those conferred and enjoined in the first chapter of Genesis. It is very obvious that in this narrative of the creation Moses did not have it in view to record any part of the law intended for the government of man in his social or political state. Eve was not yet created; the expulsion had not yet taken place; Cain was unborn; and no allusion whatever is made to the manifold decrees of God to which these events gave rise. The only serious answer this argument deserves is to say, what is so manifestly true, that God's not expressly giving to Adam "any right over his fellow-men," by no means excluded Him from conferring that right on his descendants; which he in fact did. We know that Abraham, the chosen one of God, exercised it and held property in his fellow-man, even anterior to the period when property in land was acknowledged. We might infer that God had authorized it. But we are not reduced to inference or conjecture. At the hazard of fatiguing you by repetition, I will again refer you to the ordinances of the Scriptures. Innumerable instances might be quoted where God has given and commanded men to assume dominion over their fellow-men. But one will suffice. In the twenty-fifth chapter of Leviticus you will find *Domestic Slavery—precisely such as is maintained at this day in these States—ordained and established by God, in language which I defy you to pervert so as to leave a doubt on any honest mind that this institution was founded by Him and decreed to be perpetual.* I quote the words:

Leviticus, 25 ch. 44 v.: "Both thy bondmen and thy bondmaids which thou shalt have, shall be of the Heathen [Africans] that are round about you: of *them ye shall buy bondmen and bondmaids.*

45: "Moreover, of the children of the strangers that do sojourn among you, of them shall ye buy, *and of their families that are with you which they begat in your land*, [descendants of Africans?] and they shall be your possession."

46: "*And ye shall take them as an inheritance for your children after you, to inherit them for a possession.* THEY SHALL BE YOUR BONDMEN FOREVER."

What human Legislature could make a decree more full and explicit than this? What Court of law or chancery could defeat a title to a slave couched in terms so clear and complete as these? And this is the *Law of God*, whom ye pretend to worship, while you denounce and traduce us for respecting it.

It seems scarcely credible, but the fact is so, that you deny this Law so plainly written, and in the face of it, have the hardihood to declare that "though Slavery is not *specifically* yet it is *virtually forbidden* in the Scriptures, because all the crimes which necessarily arise out of Slavery, and which can arise from no other source, are reprobated there, and threatened with divine vengeance." Such an unworthy subterfuge is scarcely entitled to consideration. But its gross absurdity may be exposed in few words. I do not know what crimes you particularly allude to as arising from Slavery. But you will perhaps admit—not because they are denounced in the decalogue, which the Abolitionists respect only so far as they choose, but because it is the *immediate interest* of most men to admit—that disobedience to parents, adultery, and stealing, are crimes. Yet these crimes "necessarily arise from the relations of parent and child, marriage, and the possession of private property; at least they "can arise from no other sources." Then, according to your argument, it is "virtually forbidden" to marry, to beget children, and to hold private property! Nay, it is forbidden to live, since murder can only be perpetrated on living subjects. You add, that "in the same way the gladiatorial shows of old, and other barbarous customs, were not specifically forbidden in the New Testament, and yet Christianity was the sole means of their suppression." This is very true. But these shows and barbarous customs thus suppressed, were not *authorized by God*. They were not ordained and commanded by God for the benefit of His chosen people and mankind, as the purchase and holding of bondmen and bondmaids were. Had they been, they would never have been "suppressed by Christianity" any more than Slavery can be by your party. Although Christ came "not to destroy but fulfil the Law," he, nevertheless, did formally abrogate some of the ordinances promulgated by Moses, and all such as were at war with his mission of "peace and good will on earth." He "specifically annuls, for instance, one "barbarous custom" sanctioned by those ordinances, where he says: "Ye have heard that it hath been said, an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth; but I say unto you that ye resist not evil, but whosoever shall smite thee on the right cheek turn to him the other also." Now, in the time of Christ it was usual for masters to put their slaves to death on the slightest provocation. They even killed and cut them up to feed their fishes. He was undoubtedly aware of these things, as well as of the Law and Commandment I have quoted. He could only have been restrained from denouncing them, as he did the "*lex talionis*," because he knew that, in despite of these barbarities, the institution of Slavery was at the bottom a sound and wholesome as well as lawful one. Certain it is, that in His wisdom and purity he did not see proper to interfere with it. In your wisdom, however, you make the sacrilegious attempt to overthrow it.

(To be continued.)

Selections.

From the Trenton State Gazette.

DOMESTIC SLAVE-TRADE.

Perhaps I may be permitted to offer a few additional remarks respecting the domestic Slave-Trade, which appears to be little understood in this community. And in doing so I shall, as heretofore, only adduce the well-authenticated statements of eye-witnesses, or those deeply engaged in it, without any aid from the imagination. Indeed, so much "more strange is truth than fiction," in all that relates to this bloody trade, that, as was said by *Gough*, of the evils of intemperance, "it is impossible to fabricate anything respecting it which the truth does not exceed."

I wish to exhibit to the calm and deliberate judgment of this community the fearfully destructive influences of Slavery and the Slave-Trade upon everything valuable in the institutions of the country, free from personal hostility, sectarian feeling, or political bias. I disclaim all intention to criminate any person, sect, or party, beyond what the utterance of simple truth may do.

I am fully persuaded that if all the terrible features of this nefarious traffic were unveiled and exposed to view, if we did fully realize the outrage done to our Creator in buying and selling his image; the sin and sorrow, cruelty and crime, that result from it, the separation of families, scattering their bleeding members all over the land; of parents and children, husbands and wives, brothers and sisters, the ties of friendship, and the thousand links that bind human beings together, however degraded, in an indissoluble chain, the fearful tendency of these scenes of horror to harden the heart and deaden the moral sense of those who participate in them; that they are of daily and hourly occurrence in all classes of Southern society; that Virginia alone, the mother of Presidents, and the nurse of statesmen, sold twelve thousand of her inhabitants last year in the Southern market, thus rending the ties of twelve thousand human hearts, tearing the babe from its mother's breast, the wife from the arms of her husband, who, under fear of instant death, dare not resist interminable separation, or that wife's prostitution to purposes unspeakably vile, that if these things were fully understood, the verdict of the people would be the same upon the domestic Slave-Trade and Slavery, as upon their African sister, of "Piracy, and punishable by death." Thos. J. Randolph, ex-Governor of Virginia, speaking of this traffic, says: "Is it better, is it not worse, Sir, than the African Slave-Trade? Yes, in my opinion, it is much worse. Here, Sir, the master tears from the mother's arms, sells into a strange country, subject to cruel taskmasters, individuals whom he has known from infancy—whom he has seen sporting in the innocent gambols of childhood, and who have been accustomed to look to him for protection." And the testimony of John Randolph is, "that avarice deadens the heart to *every feeling* but the thirst of riches; and avarice alone," said he, "could have produced the Slave-Trade, avarice alone drives, as it *does drive* this infernal traffic, and the wretched victims of it, like so many post horses whipped to death in a mail coach. Sir, the handcuff, the manacle, and the blood-stained cow-hide, are its trophies! We have the most undeniable evidence that every species of outrage and wrong are perpetrated in this trade, and the system it supplies. Cruelty is the rule, kindness the exception." Col. Thomas Rodgers, of Kentucky, an Elder of standing in the Presbyterian Church, informs us, "that among other horrors he has witnessed, was the whipping of a slave mother at Frost-town, on the national road, because she *wept* for her child which had died on the way, and was thrown into a crevice in the mountain, with a few stones to cover it." Her sorrow and dejection lessened her value, and her driver, the trader, *whipped* her, because she could not repress the outbursts of maternal anguish." Rev. C. S. Renshaw relates, that at Louisville, two slave mothers, each having an *infant*, were sold to Hughes & Neil, two traders, who immediately took the babes from their mother's arms, and sold them for one dollar each, and then drove the frantic parents on the boat bound for the New Orleans market, where an infant decreases the woman's value as a field hand. These are not *unusual* but *usual* occurrences which happen daily, and are the inevitable consequences of Slavery.

Professor Andrews, of North Carolina, says: "I asked a slave-dealer if he *often* bought the wife without the husband? Oh, yes, *often*, and *frequently*, too, they sell me the *mother*, while they *keep* her children. I have *often* known them to take away *the infant from the mother's breast, and keep it while they sold her.* An advertisement in the Georgia Journal, January 2, 1838, describing the effects of Gabriel Gunn, to be sold, mentions one child named James, about eight months old. This traffic is followed by some of the most respectable citizens of the South. Mr. Erwin, (son-in-law of a statesman who has been several times a candidate for the Presidency, and brother of J. P. Erwin, once Mayor of Nashville,) laid the foundation of a princely fortune by this domestic trade, and the Hon. E. Hitchcock, since one of the Judges of the Supreme Court of Alabama, was interested with him. Col. Wall, once a member of the Kentucky Senate, used to accompany his droves to the South, in person. Thomas N. Gadsden, the principal slave auctioneer in Charleston, belongs to one of the first families in the State, and moves in the first circles of society. There is also abundant testimony, that the professors of religion, of nearly all denominations, are engaged in this nefarious business, to an extent unknown.

This trade is confined to no one locality, it is sanctioned by *law*, and sustained by the whole power of the people, in the very seat of our *Republican* Government. In that city, bearing the name of Washington, beside the very capital of the nation, freemen license each other for the sum of $400, to buy and sell the persons of men, women, and children, into perpetual bondage, making it a great slave mart, where the cry of the slave auctioneer and the groans of his victims alternate with the orator's thrilling panegyrics of liberty—the national ensign floating alike over the council halls of freemen and the prisons of their slaves. Here many of the representatives of a *free* people annually assemble, and legislate to sustain a system which enables them to buy and sell their constituents like cattle in the market.

These are a small part of the extent and horrors of this accursed traffic, perpetrated with *our* permission in our national capital and elsewhere. History is full of astounding anomalies in human character, both in individuals and nations; but where shall we find such seathing comments upon human inconsistency, such burlesques and outrages of Christianity and freedom, as this abhorred system furnishes in our own country?

This traffic, the people of New Jersey alone, by a judicious exercise of their moral and political power, might ultimately and effectually suppress, in a manner perfectly consistent with the Constitution and the rights of all. Congress has the power to "regulate commerce with foreign nations, *and between the States*," and has declared this barbarous business to be a crime of the highest grade, punishable by the severest penalties when perpetrated abroad; and is it not *our duty* to petition unceasingly, and to instruct our representatives to labor for its suppressing at *home*, that by an act of Congress under the Constitutional provision, this nefarious traffic may cease, and with it, that wretched system which is fast making us the scoff of nations, and a by-word in the world.

The influence of these things upon master and slave may be hereafter examined. E. R. P.

TRENTON, 6th mo. 30, 1845.

From the Correspondence of The Tribune.

CELEBRATION OF THE FIRST OF AUGUST IN MASSACHUSETTS.

BOSTON, August 2, 1845.

The First of August, the anniversary of West India Emancipation, has been celebrated with great enthusiasm in several places in Massachusetts.—Since many readers of The Tribune must be interested in that great event, I will try to give them an idea of the pic-nic which was held in Waltham to celebrate it.

The day was serene and beautiful, and the summer heat moderated by a brisk breeze. The beautiful grove on the bank of Charles' River, which had been selected for the occasion, was adorned with banners bearing inscriptions and devices emblematic of the great event we had met to celebrate, and of its parallel in this country to which we longingly and hopefully look forward. Nature had provided us with an amphitheatre admirably suited to the necessities of both speakers and hearers. A stage was erected for the convenience of the former, and semi-circular seats, in sufficient numbers for nearly all present, occupied the gentle ascent in front of it.

The place of meeting being close to the line of the Fitchburg railroad, great numbers of the friends of liberty thronged the cars in both directions to attend it; and the interest of the occasion was so much enhanced by the fact that Capt. Jonathan Walker, recently arrived from Pensacola, was to attend it, that many came to this meeting from the immediate vicinity of other places of celebration.

From half-past nine to eleven, people were arriving from every quarter, and at eleven the meeting was organized by the choice of FRANCIS JACKSON, Esq. as chairman, who, after a few introductory remarks, introduced to the assembly Rev. CALEB STETSON, of Medford.

Mr. STETSON, after alluding to the brilliant aspect of the day, and its correspondence with the light of truth which Abolitionists are now diffusing throughout the community, proceeded to say—We wish to know the exact results of West Indian emancipation. Many and contradictory reports of those results are floating around us, but the facts should be minutely and accurately investigated. It is alike our duty and our interest to know all these facts—all the evil and all the good. Some partial evils must always attend so great a revolution in the laws, manners, and customs of a community; but were those evils a hundred-fold greater, we may confidently rely upon two things: those evils cannot be so great as the curses which Slavery has inflicted; and, whatever their amount, they cannot show a movement founded in justice, religion, and humanity, like the immediate abolition of Slavery, to be a wrong one.

But the general course of events since the emancipation, has been just such as we could desire. About a year ago, I met Dr. Spalding, from Jamaica, a man of intelligence and refinement, and one of the wealthiest planters of that island, who bore his decided testimony to the good working of emancipation. Some planters had not been able to get in their whole crops at the season when the greatest amount of labor was required, and hence it had been asserted that the freedmen would not work. The truth is, that they are more industrious than they ever were before; but they have now lands of their own to cultivate; they are surrounding themselves and their families with the comforts of life; they are independent landholders, and are not now compelled to sacrifice their lives to the avarice of those who think sugar more important than men.

I asked Dr. Spalding if decorum and obedience to law prevailed among the emancipated slaves. Yes, he said, no people in the world are more orderly than they. There were ten blacks to one white at the time of the emancipation in Jamaica. And the results of the emancipation have now fully *proved*, what philosophy and common sense testified to us before, that men who have patiently borne wrong, and injury, and outrage, in all the relations of their life, and all the departments of their being, will not requite the first good treatment they have ever received, with robbery and murder. Their gratitude and good-will may be thoroughly tested.

I do not believe, however, that the slaves of Jamaica were so ill-treated as those of Virginia and Maryland now are. The deliberate system of "breeding slaves" for sale, the constant rending asunder of families, the violent separation of husband, wife, and children from each other, and from their native soil, and their being driven on foot and in chains to the extreme South, in some parts of which the slaves are systematically "used up," and worked to death, once in seven years, as the most profitable system—all this exceeds the worst horrors of the past history of Jamaica. No wonder that our land is scorned by the civilized world. A land which triumphs in

"Inconsistent types
Of liberty and thirteen stripes,"

should be so scorned. Thirteen stripes, however, are small allowance. I have heard of hundreds of stripes in those Southern States, not laid upon senseless bunting, but on backs of living men and women.

Capt. WALKER, from Pensacola, was then introduced to the meeting, and received with hearty and prolonged applause. He is perhaps fifty years of age, a robust man, of dark complexion, and frank, honest, and pleasing countenance. He is unaccustomed to public speaking, and the story which he tells receives no embellishment from language or gesture, and *needs* none. He told us that he became an Abolitionist from conviction, in 1831, and had ever since that time acted on Anti-Slavery principles. He lived in Florida with his family for five years succeeding 1836, and left it because he would not bring up his children among the pernicious influences of Slavery. But while he remained there the colored people whom he employed were treated by him as human beings, and lived on terms of perfect equality with his family, much to the chagrin of the slaveholders of that region.

In 1844, Captain W. went to Florida again in his own small vessel; and when he had finished his business, and was about to return, seven of the slaves who had been his hired workmen and lived in his family, and who were, moreover, members of the church with which he communed, begged permission to go with him, which he cheerfully granted. They had bad weather, and Captain W. was seized with severe and dangerous sickness. After they had been out fourteen days, a Southern sloop fell in with them, and seized them. They were landed at Key West, whence they were conveyed, in a steamboat employed in the United States service, to Pensacola. During this voyage, and afterward, the most barbarous indifference was displayed to the weak, sick, and suffering condition of Captain W. and, though in a very feeble and debilitated state, he was thrust into a miserable dungeon, in default of ten thousand dollars bail, which was demanded, shackled with a heavy chain, and left on the damp floor without table, bed, or chair. He was ultimately tried on seven different indictments. He was set on the pillory an hour, branded SS (slave-stealer, which being interpreted meaneth slave saviour) in the palm of his right hand; he had to pay fines and costs of between four and five hundred dollars, and suffered imprisonment, most of the time in literal chains, eleven months. The branded letters in his hand, (which, by the way, were burnt there by the hand of a native of Maine,) are distinctly visible, and indelible. Captain Walker closed by saying, I repent not of what I have done! While I live, this voice shall always speak, and this hand always be raised against Slavery, that shameful violation of all the rights of man and all the laws of God.

A letter was then read from GEO. S. HILLIARD, Esq. of Boston, expressing his deep sympathy with the cause of abolition, and his regret that ill health prevented him from appearing to advocate it on that occasion. Some excellent remarks were made by Rev. Mr. WEISS, of Watertown; and Rev. WILLIAM H. CHANNING, of New-York, was next introduced to the meeting.

My brother has asked, said he, what is to be done in this Anti-Slavery enterprise? I will answer him in the words of the poet:

"Would'st thou be friend of mine?
Thou must be quick and bold
When the right is to be done,
And the truth is to be told;
"Wearing no friend-like smile,
When thy heart is hot within;
Making no truce with fraud or guile,
No compromise with sin.
"Open of eye and speech!
Open of heart and hand!
Holding thine own but as in trust,
For thy great brother-band."

It is in the spirit of these words that we should speak to-day, and act both to-day and henceforth. The mighty work which is to be done demands the warmest zeal, the plainest truth, and the fullest energy of us all.

Well may Great Britain rejoice this day at the noble work she has accomplished. But while she rejoices, we should hang our heads in shame, unaffected shame, at our own inaction.

This nation has announced to the other nations of earth the annexation of Texas to this republic! A base and fraudulent act for an impious purpose. What can we do, as true men and children of God, to avert the consequences of this act?

Would that my words might be like the sun and air of this day, fresh and awakening, invigorating, diffusing new life and energy through your souls.

This is the judgment day of this nation. It must now judge itself, and decide whether it will plunge headlong into still deeper ignominy, or repent, retrace its steps, yield to the advancing sentiment of liberty, and henceforth be free in fact as in name.

We stand in a worse position, in a worse pillory, than Walker stood in. We are consciously hypocrites. With freedom and religion on our lips, we are still oppressing and enslaving our brother.

The nation must now decide how it will act. Massachusetts must now decide how *she* will act. There is but one course of honor, justice, manliness, and truth, for Massachusetts to take to-day.

One avowed object of the annexation of Texas is aid to Slavery, and the counteraction of Great Britain's efforts against Slavery.

This is no dream, but a fact. And are we to enter with our eyes open upon such a course? What plea of necessity, of justice, of nationality, can authorize it? It denationalizes us! If we pursue it, we renounce the glorious destiny to which this nation was appointed.

Have we quite lost the feeling that this is *a nation!* Not yet is this nation dead; not yet is its object effected, its mission fulfilled. Born, baptized, ordained to carry out in perfect justice the love that is from God! Most glorious! This *was* our mission. We were a child of promise; born on the day when our fathers pledged themselves to a system founded on the inalienable rights of man. We were the Immanuel of nations, and should have proved ourselves so by carrying out the principles we affirmed. What did our fathers do under these circumstances? They made a deliberate barter and compromise with Slavery, and from that moment Slavery has been making constant aggression upon us. Having used the Constitution as long as that would accomplish its purposes, it now boldly overleaps that boundary, and declares itself dictator.

The Bay State *has been* the abode of freemen! Whether it shall still be so must be decided this day.

Massachusetts has said in Faneuil Hall that the annexation of Texas is an infraction of the Constitution. Let her not retract this next winter, and folding her hands, say, the will of the Lord be done! Such inaction would be accomplishing the will of the devil.

The duty of Massachusetts is to stand by her principles; in deeds to acknowledge that her words were right. Let her declare in the assemblies of her people that she meant what she said, and let her now say distinctly, *The Constitution is broken by Slavery in the Annexation of Texas!* The Constitution has been tried, and proved but an instrument of slaveholding usurpation. Let her then recall her representatives and senators from a Congress disgraced by voluntary association with Texas, and say to her sister States, We are absolved from the Constitution; We will never receive Texas as a sister State, and we appeal for our justification to God, to the nations of the earth, and to the consciences of all freemen. Let her take this position and *keep* it. Therein she will not be false, but true, to what really constitutes *this nation.*

Is this bold language? Any other course is singularly bold! over bold, against Providence. True prudence is justice, and uprightness, and peace.

Mr. Channing said much more, holding the audience in breathless silence by the eloquence with which these stirring thoughts were expressed. But I find I am writing too much.

After an hour for refreshments and recreation, the speaking was resumed. Mr. Stetson again spoke, expressing his thorough agreement with the wishes and hopes of Mr. Channing, and was followed by William J. Bowditch, Esq. of Boston, Hon. Henry Wilson, of Natick, Ralph Waldo Emerson, and several others, who pleasantly and profitably occupied the time until the cars came for us. The exercises were varied from time to time by the singing of Anti-Slavery songs, and some lines, written for the occasion by James Russell Lowell, were read by one of the speakers.

C. K. W.

From The Tribune.

SPEECH

Of Ralph Waldo Emerson, at the Celebration in Waltham, Massachusetts, August 1, 1845.

[Since the publication of the letter of "C. K. W." giving an account of the celebration of the First of August at Waltham, we have received a letter from another correspondent enclosing the following sketch of the remarks of Mr. Emerson on that occasion. Many readers will be as glad to see it as we are to give it place.]

What is the defence of Slavery? What is the irresistible argument by which every plea of humanity and reason has hitherto been borne down?

Is it a doubt of the equity of the negro's cause? By no means. Is it a doubt of the sincerity of the reformer? No; the Abolitionists are thought partial, credulous, tedious monomaniacs; bitter,—but no man doubts their sincerity. Is it a stringent self-interest? No; this acts in certain places. It acts on the seaboard, and in great thoroughfares, where the Northern merchant or manufacturer exchanges hospitalities with the Southern planter, or trades with him, and loves to exculpate himself from all sympathy with those turbulent Abolitionists. But it acts only there—not on the Northern people at large. The farmers, for example, in this county, or in this State, feel no pinch of self-interest to court the complacency of the Southerner. If Fitchburg stock is good—if we can buy and sell land, and wood, and hay, and corn—if we can sell shoes, and tin-ware, and clocks, and carriages, and chairs—we don't care whether he likes or mislikes it. What, then, is the objection? I think there is but one single argument which has any real weight with the bulk of the Northern people, and which lies in one word—a word which I hear pronounced with triumphant emphasis in bar-rooms, in shops, in streets, in kitchens, at musters, and at cattle-shows. That word is *Niggers!*—a word which, cried by rowdy boys and rowdy men in the ear of this timid and sceptical generation, is reckoned stronger than heaven; it blows away with a jeer all the efforts of philanthropy, all the expostulations of pity, the cries of millions, now for hundreds of years—all are answered by this insulting appellation, "Oh, the Niggers!" and the boys straightway sing Jim Crow and jump Jim Crow in the streets and taverns.

It is the objection of an inferiority of race. They who say it and they who hear it, think it the voice of nature and fate pronouncing against the Abolitionist and the Philanthropist; that the *ya, ya* of the negro, his laugh, and the imperfect articulation of his organs designate an imperfect race; and that the good-will of amiable enthusiasts in his behalf will avail him no more against this sentence of Nature than a pair of oars against the falling ocean at Niagara.

And what is the amount of this conclusion in which the men of New-England acquiesce? It is, that the Creator of the negro has given him up to stand as a victim of a caricature of the white man beside him; to stoop under his pack, and to bleed under his whip. If that be the doctrine, then, I say, if He have given up his cause, He has also given up mine, who feel his wrong, and who in our hearts must curse the Creator who has undone him.

But no, it is not so; the Universe is not bankrupt; still stands the old heart firm in its seat, and knows that, come what will, the right is and shall be. Justice is for ever and ever. And what is the reply to this fatal allegation?

I believe there is a sound argument derived from facts collected in the United States and in the West Indies, in reply to this alleged hopeless inferiority of the colored race. But I shall not touch it. I concern myself now with the morals of the system, which seem to scorn a tedious catalogue of particulars on a question so simple as this. The only reply, then, to this poor, sceptical ribaldry, is the affirming heart. The sentiment of right, which is the principle of civilization and the reason of reason, fights against this damnable atheism. All the facts in history are fables, and untrustworthy, beside the dictates of the moral sentiment which speaks one and the same voice in all ages. And what says that to the injured negro? If we listen to it, it assures us that in his very wrongs is his strength. The Persians have a proverb: "Beware of the orphan; for when the orphan sets a-crying, the throne of the Almighty is shaken from side to side." It is certain that, if it should come to question, all just men, all intelligent agents, must take the part of the black against the white man. Then I say, never is the planter safe; his house is a den; a just man cannot go there, except to tell him so. Whatever may appear at the moment, however contrasted the fortunes of the black and the white—though the one live in his hereditary mansion-house, and the latter in a shed; though one rides an Arabian horse, and the other is hunted by blood-hounds; though one eats, and the other sweats; one strikes, and the other dies—yet is the planter's an unsafe and unblest condition. Nature fights on the other side; and as power is stealing from the idle to the busy hand, it seems inevitable that a revolution is preparing at no distant day to set these disjointed matters right.

See further, if you with me are believing and not unbelieving, if you are open to hope and not to despair, in what manner the moral power secures the welfare of the black man.

In the moral creation, it is appointed from everlasting, that the protection of the weak shall be in the illumination of the strong. It is in the order of things the privilege of superiority to give, to bestow, to protect, to love, to serve. This is the office and the source of power. It is power's power to do these things; and, on the other hand, it is the ruin of power to steal, to injure, and to put to death. The hope and the refuge of the weaker individual and the weaker races is here. It will not always be reputable to steal and to oppress. It will not always be possible. Every new step taken in the true order of human life takes out something of brutality and infuses something of good-will. Precisely as it is the necessity of grass to grow, of the child to be born, of light to shine, of heat to radiate, and of matter to attract, so is it of man's race and of every race to rise and to refine. "All things strive to ascend, and ascend in their striving." And it will be as natural and obvious a step with the increased dominion of right reason over the human race, for the interests of the more amicable and pacific classes to be eagerly defended by the more energetic, as it is now for trade to displace war.

I know that this race have long been victims. They came from being preyed on by the barbarians of Africa, to be preyed on by the barbarians of America. To many of them, no doubt, Slavery was a mitigation and a gain. Put the slave under negro drivers, and it is said these are more cruel than the white. Their fate now, as far as it depends on circumstances, depends on the raising of their masters. The masters are ambitious of culture and civility. Elevate, enlighten, civilize the semi-barbarous nations of South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama—take away from their debauched society the bowie-knife, the rum-bowl, the dice-box, and the stews—take out the brute, and infuse a drop of civility and generosity, and you touch those selfish lords with thought and gentleness.

Instead of racers, jockeys, duelists, and peacocks you shall have a race of decent and lawful men; incapacitated to hold slaves, and eager to give them liberty. * * * * I hold it, then, to be the part of right reason, to hope and to affirm well of the destinies of this portion of the human family, and to accept the humane voices which in our times have espoused their cause, as only the forerunners of vast majorities in this country and in the race.

From the True American.

THE ALABAMA PREACHER AND A LAY SERMON.

An Alabama preacher has been abusing us, and invoking the Kentuckians to mob us. We say nothing now of the impertinent intermeddling with our "peculiar State institutions," which this reverend cut-throat has been denouncing in "Northern Abolitionists," we merely wish to inform him that he may play assassin in the Christian land of Alabama, but that we Kentuckians only go in for a "free fight," and are *Heathen* enough to disgrace native grown hemp by stopping the nasal twang of any sniffling hypocrite, who in "Kendall green" or "saintly black," should attempt anything else than "open ring, and a fair shake." Should this bellicose parson stray off this far from his flock, the chances are more in favor of our making a *scape goat* of him, than of his making a *slain lamb* of us. Now, let Kentuckians stand aside—take no offence, it is to the Alabamians that we preach our sermon. One man does not see the injustice of Slavery—he has not reflected upon *general* principles—he has from this relation many *immediate* advantages to himself—he has heard that the Bible sanctions Slavery—that many men deemed pure patriots, in days past, held slaves—he has hardened his heart, and goes in blindly for perpetual Slavery: this man is no hypocrite, yet in the eyes of God he is guilty—nature avenges her violated laws—a thousand evils of unknown cause come upon him and his, in life, and upon his decendants, perhaps insurrection and death! Another man knows that Slavery is wrong, a violation of natural right, and in opposition to the aggregate economical progress of the commonwealth—he sees that it is a libel upon our system of professed republicanism—he feels that it is in opposition to every principle of Christianity—he treats with due contempt the idea of a "mark" of Slavery having been put upon the African, seeing that history proves, without controversy, that the great majority of slaves, in all ages, have been whites—he gives you the wink, and tells you frankly that he loves power: this man is no hypocrite, and if God ever looks upon sin with the least degree of allowance, he slips him into some comfortable quarters in the world to come: for this slaveholder is a humane master, a good companion, a true friend, and has many other redeeming virtues. Here is one who feels the wrong—a man of heart and much sensibility, a lover of virtue, in the main a good man—he is a lawyer, a physician, a minister of the gospel, a mechanic, a tenant at will, a dependent laborer—his bread depends upon slaveholders—"the spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak," we have no reproaches for such men—they are on the side of the right at heart—they will be felt in time—they are more sinned against than sinning—the fault and the atonement are *one*. There is another class of men who know that Slavery cannot be justified—they feel as full of guilt as a sponge is of water—they are desperately in love with republicanism and equality—are the people's men—their tastes degrade them to seek illicit commerce with the negro—yet they proclaim from the house-tops most fastidious horror against *amalgamation*—for the first time in their lives they take up the Bible and affect to find that they are doing God's service in enslaving the "children of Ham"—they are the foes of the freedom of the press—the liberty of speech—if they could muster one hundred men to one, they would Lynch you—whenever it suits their purposes they are slave-traders, and for a good price have no objection to selling their own children—if you pull their noses, they go home and quarrel with their wives and whip their slaves for revenge: these are no *hypocrites*—they do not reverence virtue enough to affect it—vice they set up for virtue—these men are simply *villains*. There is a class worse than this—than all the others—having all the vices of each and the virtues of none. Among these is the Alabama preacher—they are the professed guardians of the morals of men—the representatives on earth of the holy, sin-hating God—they shed crocodile tears over the miseries of men, whilst they waste the body and soul, and gloat on the groans, the crushed affections, the deluded hopes, the despair, and the temporal and eternal damnation of immortal spirits. We speak not in a thoughtless, vindictive tone, but as the claims of outraged humanity enforce us. They are the robbers of the poor, *would-be* seducers of women, betrayers of friends, the overbearing contemners of the humble sons of fortune, the sycophants of power, "they bend the supple hinges of the knee that thrift may follow fawning," nothing but abject and craven fear restrain them from highway robbery and secret murder—Murrel, in comparison, was a Christian and an honorable man—like the veiled Prophet of Korassan, they wear a silver veiled visage over secret features of disgusting horror and fiendish malice: *these men justify Slavery from the Bible, and prostitute to base uses of crime and woe the sanctity of the pure and living God.* Against these the Saviour of men, full of patience, and charity, and long sufferance, uncomplaining at all times, though great drops of blood stood upon his sacred and lowly brow, in the mighty instinct of injured humanity and offended virtue, cried out "Hypocrites—that devour widows' houses, and for show make long prayers: the same shall receive greater damnation."

From the Salem Register.

SLAVE-TRADE CASES.

Capt. Peter Flowery of the schr. Spitfire, has been sentenced to five years' imprisonment in the *Salem* jail, and a fine of $2,000. The Post states that the opinion of the Court on the motion of a new trial was announced on Thursday, Judges Story and Sprague both being present. The motion was overruled and the prisoner called on to say whatever he had to offer on the question of sentence. Captains Bartol and Brewer testified that they had known him several years, and that he had always borne an excellent character as a man and an officer.

P. W. Chandler, Esq., junior counsel, eloquently addressed the court at length in mitigation of sentence, and Col. Rogers, senior counsel, added a few important suggestions to the same end.

In passing sentence, as we learn further from the Post, Judge Sprague remarked that he did not see how any intelligent jury, upon the evidence submitted to them, could have arrived at any other conclusion than that of the prisoner's guilt, in aiding to fit out a vessel to be engaged in the Slave-Trade.—The offence was not committed under any sudden temptation, like many ordinary offences, which follow the temptation, without time for reflection. The origin of his offence was a cold, deliberate calculation of pecuniary gain. He could scarcely see a palliating circumstance in the whole transaction. It was above the medium of guilt contemplated in the statute, but as the jury had recommended him to mercy, and that recommendation was entitled to respect

of Bethel Church, Saratoga street—the which we had hoped to be able to insert in this number, but we find we must postpone it another week.

The author of the poem referred to did not content himself therewith, but prepared a discourse upon the life and character of Banneker, which he delivered on the afternoon of Sunday week. His text was, "show thyself a man;" and he used it for the purpose of indicating how his brethren should proceed to show themselves to be men. He contended that knowledge was an indispensable element in true manhood. He pointed to the history of the leading spirits of science and literature in different ages, showing how most of them forced their struggling way through all difficulties, up to the mount of fame. And last of all, he pointed them to the name of Benjamin Banneker, who, as one of their own color, was fittest example for their imitation.

After having gone through with his discourse, which embraced in its plan a well condensed sketch of the life of Banneker, Mr. Payne appealed to those present in behalf of a previously concerted project of a "monument to Banneker." He said he would not delay to have contributions solicited individually, but would suggest that such as had money with them should throw it on the altar. Scarcely had the suggestion left his lips before a shower, principally of pennies, and fips, and levies, and quarters, fell upon the table within the altar like hail. A slight pause having ensued, a white spectator caught the overpowering influence—the very *inspiration* of the moment, and begged leave to say a few words. So soon as he had closed his remarks, another and still heavier shower from the galleries proved that the spirit of the African had been stirred up to the utmost depth of its fountain, and that the audience had resolved that there *should* be a monument reared—one worthy of the great departed—one that should tell at once of the actual, though often sneered at, mental capacity of the black race, and of noblest gratitude on the part of the builders. The reader will scarcely credit the statement that upwards of *twenty dollars* were contributed by this humble congregation—and that without previous notice of the preacher's design!

After witnessing such a scene, we felt that our pleading for the down-trodden Africo-American could not be in vain; that a people so ready to help themselves, were worthy of the heartiest aid of all true friends of humanity, and that they should never want ours!

Let that proposed monument be reared; and let the memory of Banneker, whose fame ought to seal the lips of the heartless scoffer, be forever consecrated to the welfare of his long suffering, though not altogether friendless race!

BLOWING HOT AND COLD WITH THE SAME BREATH.

SALLY MULLER DECLARED FREE.—Judgment was yesterday rendered in the Supreme Court in favor of the plaintiff in the case of Sally Muller, *vs.* Louis Belmonti, and John F. Miller, called in warranty. The decree was read by his honor, Judge Bullard, and is said to be a document characteristic of his high judicial attainments. The counsel for the unfortunate Sally, were, Christian Roselius and Wheelock S Upton, and we learn that it is in contemplation by those who have taken an interest in the fate of the plaintiff to pay them some public mark of respect.

Some twelve months ago, when this case was before the District Court, we gave a brief sketch of its features. Sally claimed to be born in Germany, and of German parents; of having come to this country when an infant with her father and mother, who reached here as "redemptioners," and died shortly after their arrival. John F. Miller alledged that she was born a slave, and as his property; as such he brought her up, and as such sold her to Louis Belmonti; and now, after being for a quarter of a century, or thereabouts, subjected to all the degradations of domestic bondage and servile labor, she is, by our highest tribunal, declared free!—*N. O. Picayune, June 22.*

Because Sally happens to be a German, the Picayune affects to be heart-struck! J. F. Miller, with a sweet and quiet humanity, sells Sally—and he is a villain. Mexico, the supreme power over Texas declares *all persons of all colors free:* the United States citizens, with blood, fire, and death, violently subvert the decree, and all is glorious! Are the Lynchers dead in New Orleans, that the Picayune dares to sneer at the "blessings of the Patriarchal Institution?" Henry Clay, out of regard for Charles' fidelity, liberates him—the press is full of pæans at this act of justice and mercy which moves editorial hearts! Another man undertakes to enlarge the bounds of uncompromising justice, to the liberation of the whole human race: immediately, thunders of denunciation overwhelm "the fanatic;" all at once it is found out that Slavery is the greatest of blessings, and liberty the height of cruelty! Out of some 50,000 fugitives from Slavery, some one or two cases of voluntary return from a cold and cheerless exile to home, "wife, children, and friends," are hunted up to stop the mouths of all cavillers! Now, we undertake to say, that out of three millions of slaves—*not one* able-bodied man, woman, or child, can be found, who will refuse emancipation on the soil. Is there no drug in the shops—no vegetable leaf, or earth-covered root—by sea and shore—" no mute nor living thing," that will cure our people of this Janus-faced morality?—*True American.*

From the Boston Atlas.

SLAVEHOLDERS AND THE ARMY AND NAVY.

It is a notorious fact that in all our wars, the American army has been composed principally of soldiers from the free States; while a major part of the officers has been from slave States. The slaveholders are educated to domineer; to serve they consider degrading; and we apprehend that there is not a soldier now in the ranks of the army, or a common sailor or marine in the navy, who is a slaveholder.

The free States, it has been well remarked, find the soldiers, and the slave States the officers; the former do the work, and the latter direct how it shall be done. Northern officers cannot so well be trusted to massacre the poor Seminoles—to rob them of their wives and children; or to encourage the foreign Slave-Trade. The South has no commerce to protect, but the indulged and indolent sons of the slaveholders must be provided for. The President, or the Secretary of the Navy, or the Secretary of War, is a slaveholder, and the Southern braggarts find no difficulty in securing places as Lieutenants or Captains, or higher officers, in the navy or army. The report of the Suffolk Committee says, that "for the reason that there are so many tyrannizing officers in the navy who have been accustomed to command slaves, it is sometimes found almost impossible to man our ships of war. The report adds:

Of 1054 naval officers, New England has only 172
Of the 68 commanders, New England has only 11.
Of the 328 lieutenants, New England has only 59.
Of the 562 midshipmen, New England has only 82.

And New England owns nearly half the tonnage of the country!

Compare this with the representation from the State of Virginia, whose whole tonnage is less than that of some single small towns in Maine or Massachusetts.

The President (Commander-in-Chief) is from Virginia.

The Secretary of the Navy is from Virginia.

His Chief Clerk is from Virginia.

The senior Captain of the Navy is from Virginia.

The Col. Commandant of Marine Corps is from Virginia.

Of the 68 Captains, 14 are from Virginia.

Of the 328 Lieutenants, 70 are from Virginia, and so on through the chapter."

Have not the Northern people some interest in this matter of Slavery? Will they be forever blind to its ruinous effects upon their interests? It is time they gave the subject their serious attention. What signifies it what party is in power, so long as we are to have all our affairs directed by this clique of slaveholders? The North can derive no real benefit from either, while this is the situation of things.

We have not yet done. There are other matters of a political nature connected with this Slavery, upon which we design to remark hereafter. Matters which would create a revolution were they generally and fully understood. We want them to be understood, and the Abolitionists mean they shall be understood. The people cannot wink them out of sight, nor fail to do their duty in regard to them much longer.

AUDUBON'S PLATES.—We are happy to learn that the plates of Mr. Audubon's great ornithological work, which was damaged by the great fire in New-York, have not received so much injury as was at first supposed. They have been placed in the hands of an engraver, whose opinion is that they can be restored, at a comparatively trifling cost.

Communications.

Letter from West Winfield.

FRIEND GAY:—The friends of Anti-Slavery in West Winfield held a meeting, July 4th, at the schoolhouse, the Methodist and Baptists houses being closed against us. S. A. Green was called to the chair, J. Bisby, Secretary. The meeting was then addressed by D. Plumb, of Utica, in an able and forcible manner, pointing out the evils of the nation, showing the inconsistency and absurdity of giving it the appellation of a Republic. He said, (although a Liberty party man,) that he was almost ready to adopt the motto, "No Union with Slaveholders." The stand was next taken by that firm and unwavering, clear-headed, uncompromising, philanthropist, S. S. Foster, whose integrity and perseverance in the cause of down-trodden humanity, against bigotry and superstition, prejudice and priestcraft, must receive commendation by both friend and foe. He took the position that the Constitution was the bulwark of American Slavery, and showed it was utterly impossible to affect the institution, while acting as citizens, unless we work upon the system of doing evil, that good might come. We must therefore lay aside our citizenship, and place in its stead, humanity or Christianity, which are one and the same, and, by wielding the weapon of truth, which is mighty to the pulling down of strongholds, against the fortifications of the enemy, effect its total destruction. We had a goodly number of attentive hearers, notwithstanding the great pomp and display made by a union of Liberty party, pro-slavery, church and clergy, in a grove about half a mile distant. Sunday, 6th, permission was obtained to occupy the Presbyterian church, at the centre of the town, but with much opposition by some of the members of the church. Some of the members left the church, apparently in a rage, accusing S. S. Foster of infidelity, &c.

After the commotion had ceased, Brother Foster rose and showed the congregation in a clear and lucid manner, his religious principles, which they please to call infidelity. I presume I speak the minds of nearly all present, when I say if such principles as he advanced and advocated are infidel, God speed them. He introduced the Disunion Pledge, the principles of which were sanctioned by many whose eyes were opened to the true Anti-Slavery light. The minds of the people are now open for the reception of truth—now is the time to disseminate Anti-Slavery principles. They will be received, I have every reason to believe, into good soil, take root downward, and bear fruit upwards even to an hundred fold.

On the 14th, Frederick Douglass addressed a large audience at West Winfield, at the Baptist house.—That logical, eloquent, and gifted man, a fugitive from Southern oppression, not a freeman, but a slave, liable to be taken back into the prison-house of Slavery, at any time his master sees fit to send his clique of kidnappers, unless the humanity of the people, (wherever he may be at the time,) interfere, and protect him. Yet he is in "the land of the free, and home of the brave." In the course of his remarks, he took up the Constitution, and never, (and I have heard much discussion upon the subject,) did I hear it handled in a more clear, candid, powerful, and masterly manner; he perfectly stripped it of the sophistry, which the ingenuity of Liberty party has thrown around it. Brother Gay, we have truly had a feast; our souls have been fed with knowledge and truth, our hearts warmed by the principles of eternal justice, and our energies pledged anew in the cause of bleeding humanity.

Yours truly,
S. A. GREEN,
JULIUS BISBY.

Genesee Yearly Meeting.

The following account of the Genesee Yearly Meeting held last month, is extracted from a letter written by a beloved friend, a member of that meeting to a friend in Philadelphia. Although the state of society it reveals is in some respects painful, yet on the whole we see ample cause to thank God and take courage. We see in these proceedings a just rebuke of, not only the arbitrary spirit manifested by a few individuals, who would assume to bear rule over God's heritage, when their own spirits are not under the government of the cross of Christ; but a suitable rebuke is also administered to the wrong-doings of Indiana Yearly Meeting. That meeting may here see, that when they trample truth and justice under foot, as it has done in the case of Green Plain Quarterly Meeting, however high its pretensions may be, it will meet a just condemnation in the minds of the enlightened and intelligent in every section of the Society.

The company referred to in the letter, consisted of Joseph A. Dugdale and wife, Rebecca Plumly, and the writer of the letter. ISAAC T. HOPPER.

7th mo. 8th, 1845.

WATERLOO, 6th mo. 18, 1845.

* * * * * * *

We arrived in good time for the select meeting, eleven o'clock, a. m. From my knowledge of the nature of the materials of which that meeting with us is principally composed, I anticipated no favorable reception of Joseph, but, notwithstanding, thought it best to meet the matter fair and square, and accordingly advised that he should hand in his certificates in the usual way. They were read, along with those for Arden Seaman, Samuel Comfort and wife, Samuel Keese, Lydia P. Mott, and one or two others whose names I don't now recollect. This done, Margaret Brown observed, "One of these certificates is from a spurious meeting." This was the signal for an onset on the part of Nicholas Brown, and a host of Orthodox, intolerant spirits, not behind any of that designation that ever waged war in former times of our experience in and about the city of Brotherly Love. Nicholas insisted that he should "leave the house, return home, and not impose himself on Friends anywhere." The ground was taken that they had no authority in the case—that Joseph was there regularly, with certificates from his Monthly and Quarterly Meetings, and they had no right to interfere in matters of discipline, and decide that those meetings were not regular or legitimate, and that I should advise the Friend to keep his seat. Pretty soon Nicholas proposed an adjournment, which being responded to by several, the meeting adjourned to fifth day morning following, 8 o'clock. I forgot to mention that in the early stage of the discussion, Samuel Comfort endeavored to interpose conciliatory measures, such as had been adopted with you; but he was promptly told by Margaret Brown that they did n't want the interference of strangers—they could do their own business. (Last year nothing was more acceptable to them, than the intermeddling of Rachel Barker, &c. even with our local concerns.) I should also have said, Joseph had a short and feeling communication, previous to the certificates being read. On first day morning we attended at the Yearly Meeting. House crowded to over-flowing. Meeting, as is apt to be the case in country places, was irregular and late in collecting. Joseph rose about half-past eleven, and spoke about an hour and a quarter very beautifully and effectively. He was followed by Margaret, and then Nicholas—so that meeting held pretty long. Joseph's testimony, I was persuaded, made not a few sad breaches in the walls of prejudice. In the afternoon we went to South-house, where, though weak in body, Joseph bore a short testimony. After meeting we rode to Palmyra, to Pliny Sexton's, where we met with John Mott, Lydia P. Mott, &c. Second day morning went to the Yearly Meeting. After the minutes and certificates for strangers in attendance had been read, Joseph rose and stated the circumstances under which he was there—some facts in relation to Green Plain Quarterly Meeting, and Indiana Yearly Meeting, and that he had with him certificates from his Monthly and Quarterly Meetings—(for I should have before observed that his certificates were handed back to him in the meeting of ministers and elders, and consequently not placed in the hands of the Yearly Meeting's Clerk, as in the other cases.) I remarked that I had near sympathy and dear unity with the Friend, and would approve of his certificates being read. I was followed by several others on the same side. Nicholas Brown then said, that they never could, with any propriety, be read—that they were all out of order—from a meeting that had been laid down by the Yearly Meeting, and the individual himself disowned—that he had no right to sit in that meeting; and, with not a few unhandsome and unfeeling reflections, and cross words, urged that he should immediately leave the house. He was backed up by a number, particularly of the members of his own Half Year's Meeting, and Rochester Monthly Meeting. Many again took the opposite side. The identity, in principle, between the case of Green Plain Friends, and that of Friends in Philadelphia and elsewhere, in the re-organization of that Yearly Meeting, and which proceedings were sanctioned by all the Yearly Meetings with which we are in connection—was clearly and irrefutably pointed out. The contest resulted in his sitting with us without his certificates being read. Of those that spoke there was a large preponderance in his favor—though the general voice was not taken—quite a large number, prepared to take the liberal Christian side, did not find occasion to speak at all. They were waiting for the *crisis*, when a general expression should be called for, and which, in consequence of the urgency of many to get rid of the subject without further debate, did not come at all. Nicholas could not forbear treating him rudely several times through the Yearly Meeting, for which he ought to have been "rebuked sharply"—and I had made up my mind to do so, but it happened he did not subsequently assail him. On 4th day, at the public meeting, Joseph again spoke excellently at the large house. By his meek and Christian spirit, and his judicious and touching testimonies, he has made his way to the hearts of many. He has proved himself indeed "a workman that need not be ashamed," fitted to every emergency—strong in faith, and love, and knowledge. Had the question of his reception been tested toward the latter part of the Yearly Meeting, I cannot doubt that three-fourths would have been in his favor. He left Farmington on First day morning for Rochester. * * * I learned to-day by a friend who was at Rochester, that he attended on First day the meeting at that place, at which were also Nicholas and Margaret Brown. Joseph spoke, and also Nicholas, (I understand in an unhandsome reflecting manner.) After which Joseph kneeled, and Nicholas told the company to keep their seats—that he "was not a member"—accordingly part rose and part sat. What an implacable, outrageous character that Nicholas is! I scarcely ever saw his equal for rudeness, and unfairness, and hardness of spirit, among the Orthodox of former times. * * *

Now a few words of general character about our Yearly Meeting. Though in some respects it has been trying, I feel greatly comforted in the conviction, that the elements of regeneration still exist within it. Of this I had almost relinquished all hope, seeing no alternative but a disruption, in consequence of the intolerant, proscriptive spirit which has appeared so rife amongst us. But the events which have transpired during the several sittings, have demonstrated that that spirit will not be tolerated by the great body of Friends. It has been nobly met, and has evidently been curbed, and is much discouraged. Nicholas Brown, who is at the head of that party—for a *party* it is, and *out of the truth*, because at war with justice, and mercy, and love, and all beneficent attributes—has admitted in the hearing of Friends with whom I have conversed—that he felt very much discouraged—that "the strength of the Yearly Meeting was very much gone," and he did n't see what better could be done, than for Canada Friends to establish a Yearly Meeting of their own, and the rest to be set off to New-York Yearly Meeting. In regard to the first proposition, we will give them every aid, but with respect to the latter, we will be apt to think ourselves competent to maintain our own independence. Among other things, the subject of *Slavery* was entertained by the Meeting, which has not been the case for several years—and feelingly entertained; and a Committee appointed to consider the propriety of memorializing Congress. A memorial was drawn up, which passed the Committee with *unanimity*, and met with but little opposition in the Yearly Meeting, the objection being confined to Nicholas Brown and four or five others. It was directed to be signed by the clerk, and directed to the Meeting for Sufferings, for its care in forwarding. An invitation in men's and women's Meetings, at the close of one of the sittings, for those who sympathized with Friends of Green Plain, and other branches of Indiana Yearly Meeting, proscribed by the ruling party, to meet to consider the expediency of sending an epistle to those Friends. A meeting was had, an epistle drawn up and adopted, and signed by such individuals as felt inclined. Joseph will have a copy in his possession, and I will endeavor to send by him also a copy of the memorial. * * * * * *

Another item in regard to our late Meeting is worth noticing—it is *the appropriate conduct* of all the strangers who visited us this year—all, without any exception, manifested a kind, conciliatory disposition—and when that is the case, how readily things are got along with by reasonable minds. The difference of sentiment that may exist, creates no interruption of the harmony. *

Jackson's Slaves.

Some of General Jackson's northern revilers find food for malice in the fact that he did not free his slaves on his deathbed, after having held them during his lifetime. Jackson was no hypocrite, either in politics or religion: having treated his servants kindly, and cared for them through life, and having provided, as he believed, wisely for their future comfort, it was his dying wish that he might meet them all in heaven.—*Boston Post.*

☞ The *Post* is in ill humor. Does it find the task of reconciling Slavery with Democracy too severe a trial for its amiability? Surely it need not attribute "malice" to those who make comparisons between the Second Washington and the First—albeit those comparisons have, it must be confessed, rather an "odorous" aspect.

The allusion of the Post to General Jackson's dying wish that he might meet his slaves in heaven, reminds us of an anecdote which we must tell, it is so good. We hope the Post will relish it, as it usually does all good stories.

A slaveholder being on his deathbed, called to him his favorite body servant, Jack.

"Jack," said the master, "I am about to die, and as you have been a very faithful servant, I have been thinking what favor I ought to confer upon you in my will."

Jack's eyes glistened! He thought he was sure of his freedom at least, and he uttered a hearty "Thank you, massa."

"I have concluded," continued the master, "that, as a reward for your long and faithful services, I shall leave directions that when you die you may be buried in the same tomb with me."

Jack looked disappointed and unhappy, and remained silent.

"Why, Jack!" said the master, in a tone of deep surprise, "you look displeased! Don't you like my proposition?"

"O, no, massa, me no want to be buried wid you!"

"Why not, Jack?"

"Please, massa, me don't like to tell de reason."

"But you *must*, Jack."

"O, massa, do 'scuse me," said the slave in a despairing tone.

"I insist upon knowing the reason of your strange conduct," responded the master.

"Well, massa," said Jack, "if I *must* tell, den I s'pose I must; but I rudder not."

"Tell me, immediately," said the master, steraly.

"O, massa, I 's terrible 'fraid to be buried wid you; for de debbil will certainly have you, and when he comes after you, he may make a mistake, and take me too! O, massa! *do* 'scuse me!"

Whether the slaveholder died wishing to meet Jack in heaven, we are not informed; but nothing is more likely, considering the evidences of piety developed by the conversation. J.

The Anti-Slavery Standard.

NEW-YORK, THURSDAY, AUGUST 14, 1845.

Celebration of the First of August in the United States.

When we consider how truly one are the North and the South on the subject of Slavery, and how equally besotted, with the guilty prosperity growing temporarily out of their agreement in iniquity, it is a subject of wonder and rejoicing that so many at the North were found ready to unite their sympathies on this interesting festival.

Few comparatively, in numbers, they are yet many, when the circumstances are considered in which they stand.

Governor Hammond, of South Carolina, speaks scoffingly of the inefficacy of moral power, and of the absurdity of expecting men to give up their slaves, which are, he says, their living: and then he talks of the cheap charity of abolitionism. How little do such as he know of the facts of the case they are just beginning to examine.

We will take one of these multitudinous celebrations of the First of August, the one at which we chanced to be present, in Dedham, Massachusetts, and give the slaveholder of the South a description of it, that he may learn somewhat of what he now knows nothing of—the hearts, the hopes, the labors, and the characters of Abolitionists.

We speak not now of all who call themselves such, under the pressure of the awakening public sentiment of the world against Slavery; nor of those whose mean ambition makes them see, in a subject so interwoven with the concerns of the Government and the Church, a possible opening to place and profit. With the self-styled "Liberty party" of the North, we have nothing to do; nor does it form any part of our idea of moral power, to force the slaves' freedom from the reluctant grasp of the slaveholder, by the ultimatum of the bayonet. On this point, the Constitution of the American Anti-Slavery Society expressly says: (ART. iii.)

"This Society shall aim to elevate the character and condition of the people of color, by encouraging their intellectual, moral, and religious improvement, and by removing public prejudice, that thus they may, according to their intellectual and moral worth, share an equality with the whites, of civil and religious privileges; *but this Society will never, in any way*, countenance the oppressed in vindicating their rights by resorting to physical force."

There has never been any purpose on the part of Abolitionists "to alarm the South into Emancipation." (We quote the words of Gov. Hammond.) It is the Liberty party that is constantly debating, like the ill-behaved children of Miss Ferners' novel, "which will frighten them most, Bobby, your sword or my whip."

Our aim, on the contrary, is to awaken them to consider the subject, by commencing the reform in our own hearts, and carrying it out in our own lives, at whatever cost of feeling or of money,—of worldly reputation or means of livelihood,—of personal friendships or personal exertions.

It is the duty of this generation so to live and so to labor; and, as a part of this generation, we thank God for the power to do right, in the midst of temptation, nothing doubting the efficacy of righteous example, even on those slaveholders who declare with Governor Hammond, that whether we characterize them as "tyrants," "thieves," or "murderers," or whether our lips distil nectar, it is impossible to persuade or alarm them into the first step to emancipation.

This declaration by no means discourages us. It is a far more hopeful symptom than if the writer had said, with the hardened hypocrisy of the Northern clergy, generally, "I hate Slavery as much as you do, but the principles and measures of Abolitionists are detestable."—What *are* our principles and measures? The first are comprised in an acknowledgment of the justice and necessity of immediate emancipation, and of immediately ceasing to participate in Slavery, whether politically or ecclesiastically; and the last consist of lecturing, writing, printing, conversations, and all similar agencies, to persuade others to do so too.

This Dedham celebration of the First of August will show how the work is done; and as the giant of Gath scorned the weapons of the Shepherd-boy of Israel; and as the Syrian captain cast contempt upon the healing properties of the rulers of Judea, so the South and the North too ridicule the means whereby it is proposed to abolish Slavery.

Agreeably to previous advertisement, (which no paper *now* refuses to receive, though Abolitionists found it impracticable before they established papers for themselves to give notice of their meetings through the newspapers,) the members and friends of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, and the public generally, to the number of a thousand, or thereabouts, repaired to a beautiful grove, where seats and a rostrum had been erected, and organized the meeting by the choice of WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON as President; RICHARD CLAPP, of Dorchester, and EDWIN THOMPSON, of Dedham, as Vice Presidents; and William P. Atkinson, Maria Weston Chapman, and Frederic S. Cabot, as Secretaries.

Among these are ministers, and ex-members of the Legislature; but when the American Anti-Slavery Society was formed, it was wisely voted to dispense with all titles in the addresses of its members—all throwing their influence and their gifts into a common stock for the benefit of the cause. The consequence of the feeling which prompts to this little characteristic token of equality is, that the Anti-Slavery Society is composed of a fairer representation of all classes of the community than any other body in the land. The spirit of *caste* is exorcised; and the high, miscalled low, and the low, miscalled high, each find their true level, irrespective of the adventitious distinctions of society, sect, sex, party, or color. Nowhere so truly, as in the Anti-Slavery cause, is the fact recognized, that character constitutes the only distinction worthy of attention. If one devoted member of the Society possesses any advantage of nature, education, or circumstances, over the rest, all the rest rejoice in it as so much gain to the cause. Such as do not, subject their own devotedness to the cause, to general suspicion. The Anti-Slavery association has been a moral training to its members, for which they cannot be sufficiently grateful. It cures them alike of the assumption of the aristocrat and of the demagogue. It humbles the proud, and exalts the lowly, by the holy principles of liberty and equality which form its basis. Having an object without its own circle, and existing as a means and not as an end, it does not engender that spiritual pride which is the necessary offspring of every institution which exists for itself alone; and which has become the bane of the civil and religious institutions of the United States. Both of these have forgotten the purpose for which they were framed—that of being useful to men. Both must be corrected of this through the reform of their individual supporters, or they will be trodden underfoot of men.

No great pomp of preparation was expended upon this little festival of freedom. The friends of the cause threw their quickness of head and of hand, their gifts of speech and of song into a joint stock, and an interesting procession of ministers and people, men and women, old and young, with a few simple and unexpensive banners floating over their heads, and cheered by one of the most propitious days that ever shone upon a jubilee of Freedom, took its way from the town-hall, the place of rendezvous, to a beautiful grove, where seats and a rostrum had been previously erected. We noticed the inscriptions of the banners as they were planted round the spot, against the pine-trees. They will help to show what manner of spirit those were of who bore them. First came the following, an extract from the address of the New England Anti-Slavery Convention of 1834, reported by Dr. Follen, as chairman of its committee:

"Shall the United States, the free United States, which could not bear the bonds of a king, cradle the bondage which a king has abolished? Shall a republic be less free than a monarchy? Shall we, in the vigor and buoyancy of our manhood, be less energetic in righteousness than a kingdom in its age?"

Then came the banner of the Anti-Slavery Society of Dorchester, bearing the date of its formation, 1835; carried by two children born since that time, and named Charles Follen and William Goodell, in token of admiration of those two, who appeared with Garrison, and May, and Loring, before a committee of the Massachusetts Legislature, to show cause why resolutions of censure should not be passed by that body against the Abolitionists. The Governor had intimated in his Message, that the Abolitionists might be indicted at common law, and the Legislature had shown symptoms of readiness to deliver them over by its censures, to mob-law. Then it was, that Mr. Garrison declared that the Union did not exist for Abolitionists, and that it was idle to talk of a union between Freedom and Slavery. We call upon William Goodell to examine once more, the doctrine of mental reservation, and *renounce* it; that we may again hail him as a trustworthy brother in the cause, and worthy to be remembered with the departed, whose excellence it is not now hazardous to praise, since it is

"Hallowed and guarded from all change by death."

The third banner in the procession, was one which shows the sympathy of Northern Abolitionists, with the best spirits of the South:—

It bore the inscription, "KENTUCKY SHALL BE FREE!" C. M. CLAY. We cannot for a moment class this honest, sincere man, with our Northern gradualists, who make the word "immediate," a pretext for persecuting Abolitionists, and strengthening Slavery. But we wish him a clear understanding of the efficacy of moral power, and of the quenching nature of the idea of gradual repentance. We rely solely on the former, and reject the latter; and we rejoice to see in him, approximations to the right. He renounces duelling, and says, in the last number of his paper that we have seen, "the time has come." Abolitionists do not claim him as one of themselves, but as one of the fruits of Anti-Slavery agitation; and bid him God speed, while they bless him for having strengthened their hearts and encouraged their hands, by his directness and sincerity.

Then followed the banner which bore the words of Dr. Channing:

"THE UNION—We will yield everything to it, but justice, truth, and honor. These we will never yield."

Next came a rebuke to those who fumble for their discretion, when called upon for their valor; and was suggested by a word of Theodore Parker's in a recent sermon:

"Let your discretion be valor."

This was followed by "right makes might," and the glorious words of Milton's sonnet, in gold letters—"right onward!" and truly it may be said of Abolitionists, that they

——"hate no jot of heart or hope,
But bear *right onward!*"

Last of all, came the banner of West Roxbury, with the motto,

"He hath sent me to preach deliverance to the captive."

After the organization of the meeting, and, after the union of all voices in a song of joyful triumph, Mr. Garrison spoke as follows; in explanation of the object of this social gathering:

"My friends, I had not anticipated this call on your parts, to preside on this occasion; but I will never refuse my services in this cause, where they are called for. You will not find me disposed to be very tyrannical. (a laugh.) [This was said in allusion to remarks made some time before, by enemies of the American Anti-Slavery Society, that the practice of organizing meetings by the choice of officers, had in it something tyrannical, and subversive of free speech.] I venture to affirm that all present will find this a free meeting. I call upon them to make it so, by speaking as they feel the disposition, upon the subject which brings us together this day.

"All the visible creation smiles upon our meeting—the sun, the air, the sky, smile upon us; and who doubts that the God of the oppressed is smiling upon us, as we unite to celebrate the most sublime event of the nineteenth century—the abolition of Slavery in the British West Indies. Mr. Garrison then drew a parallel between the 4th of July, and the 1st of August. The first commemorated a revolution stained with blood, and undertaken by our forefathers for their own exclusive benefit:—the second was the anniversary of the freedom of 800,000 human beings, won without violence or guilt—the triumph of moral power by peaceful agitation; of the down-trodden people of England, to redeem from slavery those still more wretched than themselves. There was something melancholy, in the inconsistency and the bloodshed brought to mind by the 4th of July. But on the first of August, said the speaker, bursting into an expression of sublime enthusiasm, we may reflect with the purest joy. Oh! let your hearts go forth, with irrepressible gladness and exultation, and mingle with the hearts of those in the isles of the sea, who have been delivered with a mighty hand and with an outstretched arm!"

Mr. Garrison then read selections from the Scriptures on the subject of Slavery, and the assembly afterwards made the woods resound with the "Hurra chorus," of one of the temperance songs adapted to Anti-Slavery words. As was observed by Mr. Garrison at the moment, "all the Abolitionists are for total abstinence."

Mr. E. Thompson, of Dedham, then addressed the meeting.

He observed that, though the president had announced this to be a free meeting, he supposed that meant that those present were all free to talk, but not free to talk while another was talking. He therefore suggested suspension of conversation for awhile. He hoped that we should talk one at a time, that the rest might be free to hear; and he trusted that what we heard, might fall into good and honest hearts. Thus only could our cause make progress—by attracting the attention of man after man, and mind after mind, till the nation was thoroughly aroused.

The British Abolitionists, whose success we have met this day to celebrate, had, at the outset, as many obstacles to go against as we have. Their politicians, like ours, set their faces against the measure. But only talk enough, and talk freely enough about it, and we, like them, should overcome our pro-slavery politicians, and make them bow to great and important principles.

Our blessed Saviour had said to the Jews, at the time when he and his few disciples stood alone in Judea, that the system of the scribes and pharisees was about to pass away. I trust, said the speaker, that this allusion may be permitted us, though the pro-slavery clergy will have it that we are infidels: but so it was said in His time of our Saviour also, and what can the disciple expect but to be as his Lord. Well—He told the Jews that not one stone should be left upon another of their temple, because of their iniquities; they could not believe it, it looked so unlikely at that time; but *now*, their system had come to an end, and Christianity had got to be pretty popular, so Anti-Slavery would become; and we must take care to keep it pure, that it might be more efficacious. It had to take the work of Christianity in hand, because Christianity now-a-days, was merely the public opinion of the place where it happened to be, upon doctrinal matters, and took no cognizance of the weightier matters, of mercy and justice. When John, lying in prison, sent to Christ to know what Christianity was, what did Christ say? Did he send John word that it was belief in total depravity, or any distinctive dogma of any sect? No! He sent him word of the good that was being done to men: how the blind received their sight, and the deaf were made to hear, and the lame to walk, and how the poor had the gospel preached to them. And this is just what was done to 800,000 of our fellow-men, seven years ago to-day; and what ought to be done for the three millions of the poor and blinded beings, whom Slavery has deprived of the full use of their faculties, in our own land. This is the great Christian creed—to do good to all men. I come fully into it for one. The speaker then dwelt on the progress of the cause, from the time that Miss Chace, of Lynn, had petitioned for the abrogation of the laws of Massachusetts, which made distinctions among the inhabitants on account of color, to the present time, when all such laws are blotted from the statute-book, and the railroad cars are as free for the use of our colored friends as ourselves, and public opinion is going on with rapid march, to efface all the remaining distinctions in the usages of Massachusetts, as they are already effaced from the laws.

Mr. Thompson then spoke of the influence of moral power. Mr. Pierpont, a Boston minister, had preached freely on temperance; and against the sin of drunkenness, and of holding the cup to the mouth of the drunkard. He had actually brought his pulpit to bear against sin. He had the influence of fifteen millions of money to go against, in his parish. Would you not have thought a single man must have been crushed by it? Yet all they could do, was to refuse to hear him: but they could not hinder the whole land from hearing, and now his progress through the land is like a triumph. A gentleman told me, who travelled with him, that he was sought for and honored of all, wherever he went, for this stand he had taken in behalf of the freedom of the pulpit. It was the triumph of moral power. The TRUTH was mighty and would prevail. Take the truth out of an enterprise, and it could make no progress. He (Mr. T.) had heard Dr. Skinner, speaking of the progress of the missionary cause, say that they claimed to have converted twenty-seven thousand heathen, in all, to Christianity;—such Christianity as the religion of this country sends abroad. We all know how much money and effort is expended. The Abolitionists, in a quarter of the time, and with almost no means, in comparison, have aroused this whole heathen nation; and they are a humble set of people, everywhere spoken against as infidels. But then they have the truth with them. Let us never resort to any less efficacious means. Some get tired, and want a shorter way than doing right and preaching truth. They are like the prophet, who cut off the heads of the prophets of Baal, by way of serving the Lord. But there is always a reaction in such measures, and so the prophet found, for he soon had to fly for his life, with his forcible means When the LORD comes, it is neither in the earthquake nor the storm, but in the still small voice of his truth; and the prophet learned after that, to depend on truth only. The South resort to these forcible means to sustain Slavery, but let not the Abolitionists do so to put it down. The South finds by experience, that this works against her system. She seizes a man and casts him into prison, and brands his hand: it is merely sending him out to arouse the people through the length and breadth of the land. [This was said in allusion to Captain Walker, who has become an agent in the Anti-Slavery cause, and who is now engaged in preparing for the press, a narrative of his trial and imprisonment at the South, for an act of heroic devotedness in the cause of humanity.]

If the people are perverse, and persist in the wrong, the time will come when, in the natural operation of events, they must be dashed in pieces. The French Revolution illustrates it. The clergy present us with a one-sided view of this. They tell us of the mobs of women, and of the execution of the king, and the murder of the nobles; but they forget to tell us of a people ground to the earth, and of a clergy and aristocracy that wanted to be upper-crust, and own all the land, and oppress the people. But the faithful historian of late, tells us the whole story. We see that the French Revolution was the fruit of terrible wrong and cruel oppression; and we see in it an emblem of all future time. The slaves are men—and if we cannot persuade the South to do right, the end of her oppressions will be like those of France; she must yield to moral power, or perish in her sins, and afford one more example of the dangers of moral corruption.

My friends, we have every encouragement, from sacred and profane history, to go on, whether people will hear or forbear. It seemed a hazardous case for the cause of Christianity, when Paul proclaimed it to the wisdom of Athens, and to the avarice of Ephesus. Why they raised a cry there,—"great is Diana—great is Diana,"—that quite exceeded anything we have to contend with in the way of clamor. I read in the paper the other day, of one of our meetings broken up by continued disturbance of an hour. But they cried out three times as long at Ephesus,—"great is Diana—great is Diana, about the space of three hours:" yet what is thought of Diana, of the Ephesians now? Why she grew none the greater for all that hallooing. She is about as small a concern as you can think of; while He who proclaimed "that all nations are of one blood," is honored as an apostle, and reverenced as a saint. The principles of those who would turn the world upside down, because it is wrong side up, are still going forward to triumph over prejudice, and wrong, and Slavery.

Mr. GARRISON.—A hireling and time-serving priesthood,—a corrupt and pro-slavery church, have stigmatized us as "infidels." I call upon our "infidel" brother, Theodore Parker, whom I see here, to confirm his title to the name, at their hands, by addressing us upon this occasion.

Mr. PARKER.—Ladies, gentlemen, and friends:—Since so peremptory a call is made upon me, I deem it best to come forward; for I know so well the character of your President, that if I should hesitate to come, I am sure he would continue to call till I did; and not cease to call names till he had found one I would answer to. [Laughter.] I congratulate you, my friends, upon the return of this day; one of those great days that mankind delight to honor. Since the day of Him whose birth was in an ox's crib, there has not, except the fourth of July, been such another. On *that* day all men were proclaimed equal;—not in mights but in rights. Then it was affirmed that whoever was born, was *well* born; and so I deem that day to have been, since the birth of Christ the greatest; since it was the great work of the Revolution to impress the idea of Freedom upon the heart of the world.

Mr. Parker deprecated the mode in which that work was attempted, through battle-fields and blood, and spoke of that other day of nations for which we ought to thank God,—the day when Frenchmen met in a rain-storm, in a Tennis-court, and organized themselves into a national convention. That day, too, was clouded by the recollection of carnage; but the days of '34 and '38, which freed the West Indian slave, are untarnished. I may be told that at the hour when these 800,000 were freed, five times that number remained in a worse condition in England, both physically and morally; but this would be no reason why we should not rejoice over the 800,000. It has been said that the 20,000,000, had been better expended in relieving the oppressions in England. But England was not then ready. She would not at that hour, have freed her four millions of laborers; but the freedom of her West Indian slaves is a strong prophecy of what she will hereafter do.

"Charity," it is said, "begins at home." Mr. President she begins *any

We have much to-day to encourage us, though it is sad enough to think of the annexation of Texas—a land larger than France: sad enough to think of the extension of the boundaries of Slavery; and sadder still to think of the coldness, the deadness, and the apathy that has caused and permitted such a deed. Yet let us rejoice in the instruments that we possess to remedy the evil. FIRST, we have the institutions of the country—the American Government and nation. I look upon such works as the greatest conscious achievements of man.—The great works of art, statues, poems, histories, philosophies, stir the heart and rouse the blood; but of all the works of man, a Government is the greatest;—a general union for the general benefit. The faults of this are obvious enough. The existence of such a horrid sin, as this of Slavery, is proof enough of the blindness and the coldness of the framers of our Government. But it is like a great sore on a strong and healthy body, and may be healed if taken in season. It is a free Government. It allows your President, (looking at Mr. Garrison,) to pour forth his words of fire. It has taught England a great lesson, which she, in 1838, requited with a greater still:—one; not one in hostility to our institutions, but germane to them; and never can we carry out the ideas on which our institutions are founded, till we adopt that lesson. Institutions are great, but ideas are greater.—Let us be faithful at all risks to ideas, as the foundation of institutions.

But we are branded as infidels, you know. [Hear, hear!] It has been thought a great thing to be praised by a great man: but to be called an infidel by some men, is an honor I would give my life for.

In the second place, not only institutions but ideas are for us. All those great ideas which tell us that man has inherent rights, derived from no parliament, conferred by no convention, granted by no king; but which, springing up in the hearts of noble men across the water, brought them hither to build up a great nation;—all those grand thoughts poured forth most eloquently, most humanly by Jesus Christ;—all these say to us continually, Go forward!

But some fearfully ask, Is the Church in our favor?—Surely not. If she were, then were the work done. But MEN are with us—all true men and women too. I said that a great Government was the greatest conscious achievement of man: but a great man is the greatest work of God. Him God raises up, and gives him words of fire that he shall utter, trumpet-tongued, in the hearing of his fellows. God calls for such, and they come, from whence you look not for. Our fathers were called in their day to do the work of their day; and now we are called to fulfil the task of ours:—not by denunciation and strife, but by the gentleness of strength—with the discretion which is valor—with the boldness which is success;—sacrificing never, truth, holiness, or love.

The Spartans had among them national ceremonies, a procession, in which first came the old men singing a chant:

"We were once in days of old,
Wise and gentle, brave and bold."

Then followed the young men, and their chorus was:

"We as well your place supply:
Let who doubts it come and try."

Then were heard the voices of the children:

"We in turn, though young and small,
Will in time surpass you all."

So let us surpass our fathers, and then shall the children advance and excel all who have gone before them.

I have one more word of encouragement. Not only have we institutions, and ideas, and men with us, but we have some portion of the churches. I will read a protest against Slavery, emanating from the clerical convention, called last May, in Boston, in confirmation of this assertion. Sixty ministers have already signed it, and though it is not desirable that it be made more public till the whole number of signatures that can be obtained, are attached to it, yet, as it shows the progress of the cause, I will read it here. [*Mr. Parker here read the protest, which characterizes Slavery as a sin, and pledges the signers never to cease their exertions till it shall be abolished. We forbear further remark and suspend its publication, supposing that to be the course desired by the movers of the measure, some of whom have been for years our diligent and devoted coadjutors, and one at least, earlier in the field than ourselves.*—EDS. STANDARD.] This protest, added Mr. Parker, may be taken as an important sign of the times, and token of encouragement; for when the logs begin to float off the wharf, it is a sure sign the tide is high. [Applause.]

Again the audience united in a song suited to the occasion, and Mr. GARRISON addressed the assembly in a most conclusive and impressive speech of some length, a report of which follows. In next week's paper, those of Mr. Quincy, of Dedham, and Mr. Ryckman, of the Brook Farm Phalanx, will be given. At five o'clock, P. M. the assembly adjourned, having enjoyed a day of Anti-Slavery festival, and "a strengthening opportunity;" as John Woolman, of the Quaker church, used to call such an occasion for the interchange of sympathy and thought.

This may seem trifling to the thoughtless among slaveholders: not so to their deepest thinkers and ablest men. Such meetings, and such deeds as they commemorate, make thinking men at the South feel the necessity of changing their mobocratic policy, and of coming out before the world in labored defence of a system whose horrors will not bear a look, nor whose corruption bide the handling. All eyes are upon it. The days of its continuance are numbered.—c.

Speech of Mr. Garrison, on the First of August, at Dedham.

[REPORTED FOR THE STANDARD.]

The first thing that strikes my mind, as I look around, is, that this is not a very large assembly, compared to what it ought to be.

But it fairly represents the condition of our land—sunk as it is in the debasement and moral degradation of slavery. If this people, professing the principles of freedom, were really on the side of freedom—if we delighted, as a nation, to do homage to liberty—this grove would not be large enough to contain the numbers that the occasion would call together. They would be thicker than the leaves of the trees. For is it not a great and glorious occasion, when the arm of the oppressor is broken, and the oppressed go out free from beneath its power? Who that professes to believe in our common humanity, and claims descent from those who fought and died for liberty, but should feel his heart overflow with joy this day?

But it is not so. As a people, we do not rejoice at all. Only the few, who are banded together for the destruction of American Slavery, and branded by the community by which they are surrounded, with opprobrium—they, and they only, exult on the return of this day.

I confess that, so conflicting are my emotions at this moment, I scarcely know how to give utterance to words. When I think of what Slavery was in the West Indies—how unlimited was the power of the planter, and how mercilessly it was used, and that now he can lash, and brand, and whip, and put to death no more, I want to sing—to cry, "Hallelujah! for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth." I want to leap up exultingly with the enfranchised! I don't know how to make a speech!

But, oh! when I turn to my own guilty land, I feel too sad to speak. I fain would weep with those whose tears flow without ceasing, because of their cruel oppression. I can only give my sympathies to their sorrows—I feel only the strong impulse to join in the shrieks of their despair!

And yet, words have power, when out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh. I will make an effort to speak to-day, because the tyrant bids me to be dumb; and that of all other hours is the time for me to speak.

What are we here to celebrate?—Gracious God! is it so? *British* emancipation! And why not *American* emancipation? Who are we, that we thus fall in the rear of the noble race? Oh! this guilty inconsistency! A monarchy has proclaimed the slave's day of jubilee; while we, a republic, have no word of relenting to utter! And our fathers could not brook the semblance of a chain; while we, their children, with the Declaration of Independence in our right hands, hold it up to the world, and boast that there are none like us, in regard to freedom,—that we are the pioneers in the race,—and yet we have no heart to rejoice in the example of the great nation which has actually gone before us. Oh, would that we, as a nation, might be stimulated to follow her example! God hasten the day!

We are here to see what we can do to hasten it. Let us go on with the work, with the faith that overcomes all things—with the courage that dares all things. We are here to conspire against all that is powerful and predominant in our land, and whatever obstacle blocks up the way, we are to wage hostility against it.

Is it the Church? While renewing our determination to war against the slaveholding church of this country, let us take courage and consolation in the thought, that she is not the Church of Christ; for that is always the main support of liberty, and the shield of the oppressed.

Is it the Government? Ours is not a task that we ought to shrink from; for the Government that has nullified all its professions of respect for the rights of man, by making itself part and parcel of Slavery, is not a free Government, nor worthy of a freeman's support.

Whatever makes itself the foe of man, by sustaining Slavery—be it Church, be it Government—we are here to destroy, root and branch, cost what it may.

It will be safe—nay, it is the only safety for this people; yet we are cowards and faithless to the living God, whose promises we distrust in this matter.

Antigua took the lead of all the British West Indies, in the work of immediate, unconditional emancipation. It is recorded among the incidents of that occasion, that an American sea-captain, the evening before, hurried off to his vessel at anchor in the stream, dreading lest the gift of freedom should rouse the people to vengeance! afraid to meet the coming dawn of day! It took an *American* to do that. How it illustrates our lack of faith in those principle we profess to hold sacred! When the time comes to apply them, we run away, and dare not meet the consequences of doing right.

My friends! it was a long struggle of more than fifty years, that won emancipation for the West India slaves. How long did that glorious conflict of Clarkson and Wilberforce, seem to be almost in vain! Alas! they saw not at the time the principle that alone could conquer. They thought by pruning the branches of the great Bohon Upas of Slavery, to make it wither and die, and they attacked the trade. They saw not, then, that the only sure course was to stop the market. Let us not withhold from them reverence and honor; they worked in the light they had, and as far as they saw. But let us remember to give honor where honor is due. It was not to Clarkson, nor to Wilberforce, who discovered the true and successful principle of action. It proceeded from a feeble and dying woman. It was not until ELIZABETH HEYRICK had proclaimed the doctrine of IMMEDIATE AND UNCONDITIONAL EMANCIPATION, that any perceptible progress was made. But when that principle was once promulgated, the parliament and the throne were shaken, and the whole system went down as with the shock of an earthquake. So much for moral power! Those who opposed it talked foolishly; they saw not at all! The principle stood like a rock, amid all the billows of opposition.

But we are often told that Great Britain had no humane purpose in what she did. She only wanted, it seems, to pull down our *republican* institutions, by giving freedom to her West Indies! She had found a weapon against the United States, and she merely proceeded to use it. Granting it were so, are we obliged to sit still, and be stabbed to the heart by her superior policy? Why not take the weapon from her hand, by freeing our slaves? Why do we not put ourselves on even ground with her?

But, whoever says that the *Government* of England had no sincerity or benevolent purpose in the deed, merely utters a truism. No such Government can possibly act with a holy purpose. They know not God, except as they obey the mandates of the people, who are to them as God.

But when the people of Great Britain, moved by a sense of justice and compassion, arose and demanded emancipation, then the lords, the gentry, and the bishops—all the great men of the kingdom—the imperial parliament, and the throne, yielded. Then, when they could no longer withstand it, the Government of England gave way to the uprising humanity of the common people—to the might of the mercy that awoke in the hearts of the laboring classes of England. It was not by the rich and wealthy, but before the poor and the oppressed of that land, that the throne was humbled, and parliament bowed down.

FREEDOM was obtained for the British West Indies; and with all the delays, the drawbacks, the bad motives of some in giving it, that is a great thing to say for the slaves.

I fear we do not all realize what Slavery is. I fear we think it is not so very bad, after all. We are told slaves do not want to be free; that there is not much to choose between the condition of the oppressed and the actually enslaved; and that we have no just reason to rejoice.

Let me go back to the evidence laid before the people at that time; and we shall see what it is, over the extinction of which we come together this day to rejoice; and you shall say whether there be occasion or not for the strongest emotions of joy. And, first, the cruelty of the system. [Mr. Garrison here gave all the statistics laid before the people of England, and which wrought upon them so effectually, that they demanded Emancipation. He spoke of the whippings—the chains—the iron collars with spikes in them—the declaration of the planters, that it was cheaper to buy negroes than breed them—the dying of slaves under correction permitted by law—and all the horrible atrocities of West India Slavery.] Oh, friends! let us rejoice that they can't do this now!—they cannot whip, and starve, and chain up like brutes, and sunder forever all the holiest ties of human existence, and exasperate to madness and suicide. Slavery is abolished! They can't do such acts to-day! Let us sing a joyful and triumphant song of jubilee for that, to-day! Sing! What do I say? No—we cannot, while we think of these atrocities as perpetrated in our own native land this hour! Nowhere on the face of the earth is Slavery so cruel, so malignant, so bloody, as in this land of hypocritical pretence to freedom.

Once more: Wherever Slavery exists, (it don't exist, God be thanked, in the West Indies, now)—there exists with it a necessity for laws of a particular character on personal restraint, the breach of which is punished by severe and cruel inflictions, and in some cases by death.

Thank God! they cannot put human beings to death there now, for walking abroad and looking on the bright stars by night, and the moon when she walks in her brightness. They cannot lacerate the flesh, and bruise the limbs of tender youth, for lingering to look upon the loveliness of Nature, as a solace after the day's exhausting toil. The angel of mercy has triumphed in the isles of the sea! And, oh! that the triumph might be complete in this blood-stained land, where all those laws, and penalties, and inflictions, are in force to-day; for without them, Slavery cannot exist.

Mr. Garrison then spoke of the horrible depopulation occasioned by Slavery in the West Indies, and of the danger of insurrections. They tell us, the slaves are happy: but, somehow, there's always a fearful looking for, of insurrection, wherever their system exists. But who talks about insurrection in the West Indies now? Why, even our pro-slavery editors have given it up. Insurrection is the concomitant of Slavery. Who ever heard of it in connection with freedom? Well may our hearts fail us for fear, while we cling to Slavery.

Mr. Garrison then went on to relate the cruelties inflicted by the slaveholders on the missionaries, who gave the slaves religious instruction; and the outrages committed against their property, and their liberties, and their lives. I know, said he, these things are painful to hear; yet let us hear them, till our hearts are kindled to fresh devotedness; for these are the very features of American Slavery at this moment. There is a sentimentality that cannot brook to hear them; but our virtue should be robust. We need that it should be so; for we go to take off chains in a land where Slavery reigns paramount, and we *will* hear the worst, that we may bid it cease to be. Such scenes, I doubt not, we yet must continue to see in this land. We have seen and felt them already. The mobs, the sacking of houses, the tarring and feathering, the imprisonment, the branding, the flames of burning cities! We are able to testify that they are not peculiar to the Slavery of the West Indies.

But oh, friends! you who believe in the gospel of Liberty, is it not something to know that such scenes in the West Indies have now ceased?

But in our land, the gospel of Christ cannot go South of Mason and Dixon's line, where they sell human souls in lots to suit purchasers.

"Columbia! O, shame on thee now!
Repent thee in ashes and dust!
There is blood on thy hands—on thy brow—
And thou art by Slavery cursed!
Thy millions of vassals set free—
Away with the scourge and the rod—
Then join with the Isles of the Sea,
In a shout of thanksgiving to God!"

Oh, brothers and friends in this holy work! almost I am tempted to be impatient. With such deeds continually going on in our own land, how can I wait! Yet, having faith in God, I *will* have patience, and wait, and toil, and do all that I can, remaining firm at my post, not counting my life dear unto me, so that this great deliverance may be wrought out.

Give me your hands, my friends! give me your hearts, for this work! I know you do. It has taken away our reputation, in some instances our means of livelihood; but the road, though difficult, can yet be trodden. God reigns above these momentary clouds. With the cross comes the crown;—a crown of rejoicing indeed will it be to see this land purified from the sin that defiles it, and standing forth in the glory of all lands. God, our guide and defender, hasten that glorious day!

Mr. Garrison concluded with a mass of important evidence to prove immediate emancipation safe and profitable. Any slaveholder—or far more guilty, any Northern apologist for Slavery—shall be gratuitously furnished with the same, on application at this office.—c.

First of August at Duxbury.

It is a noble sentiment, that the whole world is our country, and all mankind our countrymen; yet it is a very venial one, if it is a fault at all, to love one's home better than all the world beside. I should almost doubt the goodness of his heart whose blood did not rush the quicker to it when his feet "trod upon his native heath," or his eyes looked upon his native hills. I am free to confess to the weakness, if it is one, that in all my wanderings, and they have been more in miles than the circumference of the globe, I have never looked with a tithe of the pleasure on prairie, savannah, or "spicy grove," that I do on the rock-bound coast, the bleak and barren hills, and the deep pine woods of my own native Plymouth County. It is not strange, then, that an Anti-Slavery meeting there should be to me a time of deep enjoyment, and, for more than one reason, of heartfelt satisfaction.

It might have been very stupid work to many of my readers to have risen with the sun for a drive of five-and-twenty miles, through such a country as we passed. The New-Yorkers and the Pennsylvanians would have laughed at those piled-up rocks, and hills of sand on which the grass will hardly grow, and wondered how the people got a living out of a soil so sterile. But even they could not have failed to see great beauty in many a green and shady nook, and would have read the signs of contentment, and competence in many a comfortable homestead, which has been handed down these two centuries past from sire to son; and would have confessed that where grass *would* grow, it was made to grow well; and that Chester County or Cayuga could not show greener meadows, or better fields of corn. They might also have paused in deep admiration as they rose each successive hill, and looked upon the ocean stretching out before them till it reached the sky, the gray mists of the early morning hanging over it like a thin veil, and dotted with many vessels rising upon its heaving bosom, their sails flapping lazily, but ready to catch the first breath of the breeze that was rising with the sun. And when they lost sight of the sea, and entered the shadow of the dark pines, I doubt if even in their native woods they could have found a more cooling shade, inhaled a more grateful odor, than the pine trees gave, or have listened to a sweeter song than that of the hermit thrush.

Or if they would have cared for none of these things which were grateful to the senses of one who was seeking health in his native air, at least they could not have forgotten that here was the land of the Pilgrims. The ocean, the rocky shore, and the unfertile soil, could not have failed to remind them of the sufferings and privations which these hardy men and women encountered in their search for Freedom. Nor could they forget that ere two centuries had elapsed, pilgrims from the miscalled republic which had arisen in the wilderness, sought protection from Slavery in the territory of that monarchy from which the Fathers had fled. One could hardly escape some painful reflections when driving along the shores of that Bay, in which the May Flower anchored, and when approaching Plymouth Rock—"the Blarney Stone of New England"—he remembered that the day was to be devoted to rejoicings for the emancipation of England's slaves, and to efforts for the freedom of the slaves of America. But where in all our broad land can we escape from such thoughts as these? Many a hallowed spot is marked as the birthplace of Freedom, on which we have raised monuments only to her death and our own infamy.

The meeting at Duxbury was convened at the Town-Hall, which stands upon a high hill, flanked on either side by a meeting-house. I know not whether the Hall was chosen as the more convenient place of gathering, or because the meeting-houses were closed, as they almost everywhere are, to Anti-Slavery; but it mattered little, as the real business of the day was to be done in a temple to which pro-slavery has no key. The great out-o'-doors cannot be closed against us. At the appointed hour a procession was formed in front of the Hall which all joined who were so disposed. The display of banners was rather meagre, and all our music was contained in a one-horse wagon. There was the least possible parade and form, though the procession was long enough to make quite an imposing appearance.

The place of assembly was in a beautiful grove, to which the handiwork of man had added several triumphal arches. Over the speakers' stand a tall flag-staff had been raised, which towered far above the trees, but on which were no colors. It struck me that the red cross of St. George should have waved from its top, with our bastard stars and stripes at half-mast. But doubtless our Duxbury friends have no English colors, and are too much ashamed of the flag of their own country to "fling it to the breeze." So the flag-staff stood a naked pole, ready for the banner should there ever be one, emblematic of a nation of freemen.

The venerable Seth Sprague, to whom Abolitionists have given the honorable and endearing title of "Father," was the President of the day. After a few brief but pertinent remarks, he called upon the Rev. Mr. Moore, the Unitarian clergyman of Duxbury, to lead in prayer. The prayer was an excellent and appropriate one, and I remarked with pleasure that the Abolitionists were not prayed for,—as clergymen who have no sympathy with our movement are very apt to avail themselves of such opportunities to inform the Deity that we are a graceless people, peculiarly deserving of divine interference, if not of divine vengeance. The prayer was followed by a song from the Hingham friends, whose really fine singing has become almost a necessary part of a Plymouth County Anti-Slavery meeting. After these preliminaries the speaking commenced and was continued till noon.

I have no report of the various speeches that were made, and can only say that they were all good, and such as the occasion always produces. We had more than the usual proportion of clergymen,—a fact that is worthy of passing notice, not only from its singularity, but as a proof also, if any were needed, that this class can as readily find *their* "appropriate sphere" on the platform of the Old Organizationists, as any other, if they be really Abolitionists. There were the Rev. Messrs. Hewett and Whiting, Universalist ministers from Abington and Hanson; the Rev. Messrs. Tomlinson and Hewett, of the same persuasion, from Plymouth and Duxbury; the Rev. Messrs. Briggs and Russell, Unitarians, from Plymouth and South Hingham; and the Rev. Mr. Horton, the Wesleyan clergyman of Duxbury. The first two, and Messrs. Briggs and Russell, have long been known to me as sincere and warm-hearted Abolitionists, and the others I was told, was no less true to the cause of the slave. So in the matter of clerical abolitionism, I do not doubt the banner will be given to Plymouth County. Beside these we listened to excellent speeches from the President, our friend Ford, of Abington, and Nathaniel Whiting, of Marshfield, whose voice it was pleasant to hear once more in an Anti-Slavery meeting.

Nothing occurred to disturb the harmony of the meeting through the day. Indeed it was rather wanting in wholesome excitement, till near the close of the afternoon session, when Seth Sprague, Jr. arose to address the audience. It was a pity that he had not chosen an earlier hour, as his remarks would have led to a long and interesting discussion, had there been time for it. It is singular that he did not himself see the propriety and the courtesy of speaking earlier, when he determined to speak as he did, for he must have been well aware that there were those present who would not quietly submit to a misrepresentation of their own position, and of what they deem the necessities of the cause. He entered into a labored defence of the Church of the present day, and repeated the usual calumnies against the American Society, and its friends, as "Anti-Church" and "No-Government" men, in the offensive sense of these terms. If his purpose was to sow prejudice in the minds of his hearers against the doctrines and measures of those who had called the meeting, I do not think he succeeded, as the matter and manner of his speech was not of that character to make a strong impression. He was replied to by his father, reading some extracts from the appendix to Frederick Douglass's narrative, and by myself, in an effort to show the true position of the American Church, and the relation which Abolitionists sustained to it, and to the present Government of the United States. The discussion caused some excitement, and, warned by the sinking sun of the lateness of the hour, we adjourned in haste, while the echoes of our last words had hardly died away among the trees.

One feature of this pic-nic I must not omit to mention. It is the absence of the parade and trouble of providing a common table for all the company. It saved an infinite deal of toil, which in such cases necessarily falls upon a few; and while all were better fed—for each took care of his own feeding—and the hour of recess was really what it ought to be, an hour of rest and pleasant social intercourse. The old, toilsome, disagreeable, wasteful, starving, and unpicturesque method of conducting these gatherings, will never again, I trust, come into fashion.—G.

Walker's Ransom.

It is not surprising that our friends do not readily come forward to remunerate Capt. Small, to whose generous conduct Walker owes his early release, when they remember that by the ill-judged act of the committee, $700, which had already been contributed, is lost, and that some of those concerned in the matter, are disposed to defend the act. They should not, however, forget that such a loss cannot occur a second time, as the money now needed has been already legitimately expended. It is to be hoped, for the character of the Abolitionists, that they will not permit this burden, which all should be proud to share, to fall upon a single individual. I repeat what has already been stated, that Walker could not have been released till his fines, costs of court, &c. were paid, and that Capt. Small voluntarily and generously came forward to the aid of his friend. The Captain of a Cape Cod coasting schooner can ill afford to pay a hundred or two dollars out of his hard-won earnings, nor should he be permitted to do so even could he better afford it than he can. Are there not fifteen people who will give $10, or thirty who will give $5, or even a hundred and fifty who will give $1 each, to raise the $150 which still remains unpaid to Capt. Small? Surely in such a case as this there should be no hesitation. One woman in Boston sends me word that she will give $5, and a man there will put his name down for $10. Here is $15 to begin with. Who comes next? I trust that the amount will be speedily made up in large or small sums, as the friends can afford. Send the money to this office, or the office in Boston, and the sums shall be acknowledged in the Standard as fast as received.

To Delinquent Subscribers.

There is on our books a list of persons who owe for the Standard more than one year, the aggregate of whose debt amounts to nearly *fifteen hundred dollars*. Some of these persons have had the paper two, three, four, and five years for nothing, and it seems no more than proper that we should come to a settlement. Several times during the past year notices have been published urging upon subscribers to pay arrearages, but by these persons they have been unheeded. The Society cannot afford to print five hundred extra copies of the paper for gratuitous distribution to persons of whose claims for such favors they know nothing. I give therefore one other notice, which I trust will be heeded.

The Executive Committee have determined to adhere still more closely than they have yet done to the cash principle. Ample time has been given to all to balance their accounts, and the following arrangement may be considered as final:

All persons who owe more than two years will receive no more papers after two months from this date have elapsed, unless they have paid in the meantime to the commencement of their current volume.

Many of these persons no doubt have neglected to make their payments through sheer carelessness, but of course we can make no distinction, and all must fare alike. Should there be any errors in the bills which will be sent them, they will be cheerfully corrected. The notice should, and I trust will, bring us in all that is due before the expiration of the two months, for I trust the cases will be very few when we shall have to resort to stopping the paper. The alternative, however, will be strictly adhered to, as all must see that it is dictated by the necessity of the case.

Obituary.

Died, at his residence in Wilmington, on the 28th ultimo, Dr. WILLIAM GIBBONS, an elder in the Society of Friends, aged sixty-four years. Few men have passed a more active and useful life. Refusing to restrain his influence by selfish considerations, he was always ready to labor for the public good, and to aid, whenever consistent with his convictions of right, every effort for the religious, moral, or mental improvement of the human family. He was one of the pioneers of the temperance reform in Delaware, and gave an address on the subject some eighteen years ago, before the first Wilmington Temperance Society, of which he was the President. From early life he manifested a lively practical concern for the welfare of the colored people, and was, at the time of his death, an active member of the African School Society. In the effort to diffuse the principles of peace throughout the world, he felt a living sympathy, and towards William Todd, the late lamented founder of the American Peace Society, with whom he had a personal acquaintance, he always expressed great respect and attachment. He was one of the founders of the Delaware Academy of National Sciences, and its president from the beginning. He was a man of great decision of character, and never hesitated to express his views on important subjects, however unpopular, or conflicting with the sentiments of those around him. In 1829, when Fanny Wright and Robert Dale Owen were so assiduous in propagating their peculiar views throughout the country, he wrote an "Exposition of Modern Scepticism," which, speedily passing through three large editions, effectually neutralized the dangerous influences of these misguided people. Scarcely a subject engaged public attention, without enlisting his inquiry, and calling forth the expression of his judgment. In the course of a long-continued and extensive medical practice, connected with the various relations which he occupied in the community, he drew around him a large circle of friends, not circumscribed by sectarian limits, but on the contrary, embracing those whose opinions conflicted with his on many important points, but who loved him none the less on that account. It would not be easy to point out an individual possessing so much independence of thought and action, and so much decision and honesty in expression, who had fewer enemies and more friends.

For some years prior to his death he anticipated the event, and prepared for the change. During his last illness, nothing could disturb the conviction that his time had come. He contemplated the prospect with the faith and hope of a Christian, and spent much of the time in religious exercise. He was favored to behold gathered around him in his latter moments, his family of *twelve* children, being all except one son who lived too far off to be present. And this large flock, with their stricken mother, stood by his bed, and saw him sink into death as into slumber, without a pang and without a struggle; and they felt that they had suffered a loss which earth has no power to repair.—[COMMUNICATED.

THE EMANCIPATOR.—I saw for the first time, a day or two since, an article in this paper, of two or three weeks ago, in reply to one of my own on Perjury. The subject is one which will not spoil in the keeping a while longer. It shall receive attention at my earliest leisure.

☞ The Haitian Sketch is deferred, for want of room; as is the news brought out by the new steamship Great Britain, which arrived on the 10th, Texan news, &c.

This Week's Paper.

FOURTH PAGE.—*Poetry:* Kentucky—written on reading C. M. Clay's proposals and addresses on Slavery. A Warning Cry. The Leveller. *Miscellany:* Marie, or Slavery in the United States, (*continued.*) Extract from Willis's Letters. A Visit to Mrs. Hemans.

FIRST PAGE.—*Pro-Slavery:* Gov. Hammond's Letter on Southern Slavery. *Selections:* The Domestic Slave Trade. Celebration of the First of August in Massachusetts. Speech of R. Waldo Emerson. Slave-Trade Cases. A Monument to Banneker.

SECOND PAGE.—*Selections:* Blowing hot and cold with the same Breath. Slaveholders and the Army and Navy. Audubon's Plates. *Communications:* Letters from West Winfield. Genesee Yearly Meeting. General Jackson's Slaves.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

For the Standard—from July 12, to August 8, 1845.

Edmund Quincy, Dedham, Mass.	$2 00
Hutchins & Hoffman, Warren, Ohio,	2 00
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John Augustus, Boston,	4 00
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	$61.50

Total amount, $61.50

FRANCIS JACKSON, Treasurer.

NOTICES.

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE CHESTER COUNTY ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

The Annual Meeting of the Chester County Anti-Slavery Society, will be held at Lionville on Tuesday, the 26th of August. The meeting will convene at 10 o'clock, A. M., and continue by adjournments, probably for several days. It is hoped that the Abolitionists of Chester County will spare no pains to make this, their annual gathering, one of the largest and most interesting which has ever been held. Topics of great interest will be likely to claim the attention of the meeting. Let all come resolved to dare and do what humanity and the time demand for the redemption of the slave. The hospitality of the friends of the slave in the vicinity of the meeting, has not yet been found wanting, and may be depended on now.

EDWIN FUSSELL,
Corresponding Secretary.

TO THE ABOLITIONISTS OF EASTERN PENNSYLVANIA.

Are you ready, dear friends, to commence with us preparations for the Pennsylvania Fair of 1845? Warm hearts and active hands we would enlist, at this early period, that no time may be lost which might be profitably spent in this service. Information respecting what is to be done, it can scarcely be necessary to offer to those who, year by year, have been laboring side by side with us in this department of Anti-Slavery toil, and whose skill and ingenuity have been again and again proved. We want whatever liberal souls will devise, and ready hands execute. The Committee commence their efforts this year with the hope of making the Fair superior to those of preceding years, but this hope cannot, of course, be realized, without your dilligent and hearty co-operation. On this we rely. Need we urge upon you motives to action? The slave has found no respite from his sufferings shall we seek respite from our labors in his behalf? Trusting that you are as ready for this work as ourselves, we suggest that you should immediately begin to inquire what you can give or do for this purpose, and how you can best enlist the services of your friends and neighbors. Will some active friends of the cause take measures for forming sewing circles in their neighborhoods, where articles may be manufactured, donations deposited, and interest excited for the Fair? From such a measure, much benefit, beside pecuniary emolument, results to the Anti-Slavery cause. Will not the friends of the cause in Chester, Bucks, and other counties, adopt this plan, and furnish tables, to be superintended by themselves at the Fair? And will not those who cannot conveniently unite with these circles, be diligent and faithful in individual effort? Of all the friends of the slave in city and country, we ask aid. Of the merchant, we ask contributions of merchandise, of the mechanic, the fruit of his handiwork; of the farmer, the produce of his garden, fields, and poultry-yard. But we ask of all only the products of *free* and *requited* labor.

Let us, dear friends, commence our efforts with a determination that our next Fair shall yield great and good results to our cause, and *it will do so.*

Contributions may be sent to any member of the Committee, or to J. M. McKim, No. 31 North Fifth street, Philadelphia.

Emma Parker,	*Anna M. Hopper,*
Mary Grew,	*Maria M. Davis,*
Sarah M. McKim,	*Sarah Pugh,*
Hester Reckless,	*Martha Carmon,*
Lydia Gillingham,	*Sarah Douglass,*
Gertrude K. Burleigh,	*Sarah Lewis,*
Elizabeth J. Neall,	*Margaret Jones,*
Olive Bacon,	*Emily A. Winslow,*
Hannah L. Stickney,	*Margaret Griscom,*
Mary T. Stickney.	*Teresa K. Hallowell,*

ABOLITIONISTS OF RHODE ISLAND.

DEAR FRIENDS,—*The Annual Fair* of the *Providence Ladies' Anti-Slavery Society*, will be held in this city on the *first Wednesday* (Commencement Day) of September, 1845.

On behalf of this Fair, we would address not only the friends of Freedom in Rhode Island, but the enemies of Slavery everywhere. "Our Country is the world—our countrymen are all mankind." We are endeavoring to overcome, not only our foes, but the foe of universal freedom and of all freemen. The *spirit* of Slavery reconcile, not geographical limits, neither should the saving spirit of freedom. The friends of *Slavery* make common cause. They pour out their sympathy to each other in overwhelming currents. Why should localities throw the cramping cords of restraint around the energies, and the blasting influences of non-co-operation, about the *fellowship* of the truly free?

The recent startling and bloody oppressions of the slave spirit in threatening, imprisoning, branding, shooting, and murdering those of our brethren who dare feel, speak, and act for the bondmen as bound with him; who dare think that mercy is not a crime, call for strengthened and more powerful, nay, unwearied exertions—more self-denial—personal sacrifice on our part, that we may bid the monster back to the hellish place of its birth. As a nation, we are on the verge of ruin. The prisons, the bloody defiance of the oppressor—the cry of our murdered brother's blood, from every mountain and valley—plain and swamp, of the South;—the shriek of the captured fugitive, as he is hurled back to bondage by slavery's northern "hell dogs;"—all these and more, proclaim to us that inaction *is treason*, and silence, *crime*.

Come and help us. Help us expel from the world a monster spirit that gluts upon the liberties and lives of God's free men. Be not penurious—"As ye would that others should do to you, do ye even so to them." Your own bodies are imprisoned—the fetters are on *your* limbs—the iron in *your* soul—inasmuch as this is your brother's fate.

Give us of your substance—no matter of what name, kind or nature it may be—everything—anything will be valuable. Almost *every* person has *something* that may be devoted to this purpose. Will you not hunt it up? Do it for humanity's sake—for God's sake—for your own sake.

All contributions, or communications for information or otherwise, may be sent to the Anti-Slavery Office, corner of Broad and Dorance Streets, care of Amarancy Paine.

S. R. Harris,	*Hannah B. Shove.*
Mary R. Clarke,	*Lucretia Francis,*
Abby Thurber,	*Olive Taber,*
Sarah B. R. Foster,	*Abby A. Lake,*
Caroline Ashley,	*Abby Burgess,*
Sarah R. Smith,	*Mary Smith,*
Elizabeth H. Brown,	*Amarancy Paine.*

PROVIDENCE, May 10th, 1845.

BARGAIN EXTRAORDINARY!

THE "*Amity Mill*" property, near Salem, Columbiana county, Ohio, is now, owing to *an absolute necessity*, on the part of the owners, *to make sale*, offered *at more than fifty per cent. below its cash value.* The property consists of an *excellent farm* of one hundred and sixty acres, with good buildings. One hundred and twenty acres of the land, cleared and in a good state of cultivation. The mill is one of considerable note, and its flour is in good repute at the East. This building is nearly new, and is not surpassed in execution and convenience by any flouring mill in the State. It is five stories high, has three run of Burrs, two of these have ground and manufactured in twenty-four hours, *one hundred barrels of flour.* The water-wheel is secured from all obstacles by ice. Space will not admit of a full description of the building. Its conveniences of conveying wheat from one story to another, its various apartments, the completeness of its machinery, &c. &c. must be seen to be understood, or their value appreciated. The supply of water is ample, except at times of the greatest drought. The building alone, cost at least, *ten thousand* dollars. Adjacent to the mill are, an *oil mill*, thirty feet by thirty-four feet, four stories; a good dwelling, twenty-two feet by thirty-two feet, two stories, with cellar. Also, a store-house, eighteen feet by twenty-four feet, two stories, with cellar. Also, a warehouse, fifteen feet by fifty feet. Also, a cooper-shop, sixteen feet by one hundred and six feet.

The property lies in one of the best wheat growing regions in Ohio, and but three miles from Salem, a very thriving town, of twenty stores, and a population of one thousand two hundred, but without water-power.

This property cost $20,000, and is now offered at the low sum of $8,500—$3,000 only required in hand.

For further particulars, inquire of

B. B. DAVIS, Agent.

Salem, 6th mo. 5th, 1845.—2m.

THE CHAMPION OF FREEDOM.

A monthly sheet, devoted to the *Free Produce* enterprise, and Industrial Association, is again to be resumed, at the following reduced terms. Three copies, (of twelve each,) $1, seven for $2, twelve for $3, and twenty-three for $5. To those wishing to purchase by the quantity, for gratuitous distribution, it is offered at $2 per hundred, or 25 cts. per dozen.

It should be borne in mind, that *this periodical is the first, and* (as yet) *the only one in the world whose main feature* is the *application of the abstinence principle to the product of slave labor.*

LORENZO MABBETT.

SODUS DOMAIN, New Alton, Wayne co, N. Y. Alton P. O. ☞ Anti-Slavery papers please copy.

NEW-YORK WHOLESALE PRICES CURRENT.

CORRECTED WEEKLY FOR THE STANDARD.

ASHES.		**IRON.**	
Pot, first sort 1844.	3.75 a 3.81½	Pig, Eng. & Sc. ton	35.00 a 36 00
Pearl	4.06½ a .	do. American	35.00 a 37.50
CANDLES.		Bar

Poetry.

KENTUCKY.

Written on Reading Cassius M. Clay's Proposals and Addresses in relation to Slavery.

[The following lines we take from the Cincinnati Gazette. They were written by a young lady of Lowell—the same who wrote the spirited lines "To Vermont."]

By the broad streams there soundeth now
A mighty voice and deep;
And Freedom, with her godlike brow,
Bids thee awake from sleep.
Ay rouse thee, for a thrilling word
Hath told what thou shalt be,
Brave hearts and noble souls are stirred,
With that deep echo—FREE.

Too bright thine honored name to bear
One trace of Slavery's stain,
Too true and brave thy sons to wear
The shackle and the chain.
Heroic sires a birthright crown
Of Freedom gave to thee,
Then trample all thy fetters down,
And wear it royally.

Thy plains are fair, but richer still
Will be thy gathering in,
When "sweat of Freedom's brows" distils
Where Slavery's tears have been.
The streams that wash thy cliffs sublime,
Shall proudly dash along,
When every rolling wave beats time
To Freedom's triumph song.

New England stretches forth a hand,
Toil-hardened, strong, and free,
Among the noblest of the land,
With joy to welcome thee.
The grey-plumed eagle, from his nest
On northern mountains cold,
O'er the fair Garden of the West,
Hath flown, his wings to fold.

Then, rouse thee—as the lion wakes,
With kingly power and might,
With deep stern voice the land to shake,
And battle for the right.
And fail not in the conflict day,
Though fierce the struggle be;
But fling your galling chains away,
And be your watchword—FREE.

Ay, rouse thee, by the hero-sires,
The bright and burning lights,
Who kindled once the altar fires
Of Freedom on your heights.
Awake! ye have a champion,
As true and bold as then;
Wake, gird ye all your armor on,
And quit yourselves like men.

THEODORA.

SOUTH ABINGTON, March 19, 1845.

A WARNING CRY.

BY MISS SHERIDAN CAREY.

Toiling from the morning gray—
Toiling, toiling through the day,
Till the spirit soars away,
Bound, in triple iron bound!
By the taper's famished light,
Toiling, toiling through the night,
Till the dimmed and aching sight
Sees but shadows gathering round—

Till the lip's warm hue is gone—
Till the brow is worn and wan—
Till the pitying sun looks on
Gasping slaves in stupor cast;
Toiling through the hours of pain,
Taxing hand, and heart, and brain,
Bread—and *scarcely bread*—to gain!
Shall this—shall this ever last?

Shall the spoiler seize by stealth
Youth, and hope, and strength, and health!
Nature's dowry—nature's wealth—
Shall they—shall they ever be—
Youth and hope, an April beam?
Strength, delusion? health, a dream?
Age—a fearful, ghastly theme—
Pain, and grief, and penury?

Thou who seest! Thou who hearest!
Thou the mourner's heart who cheerest!
Thou who, veiled in clouds, appearest
Swift, and terrible, and strong!
Unto Thee, with stony eye,
Bloodless cheek, and boding cry,
Doomed to toil, and toil—*or* DIE.
Want appealeth, "Lord, *how long?*"

Ye whose "confidence" is gold,
False, rapacious, crafty, bold—
Who the laborer's hire withhold!—
Who the fruits of toil deny—
Who the starving poor distress—
Who the weak, the old, oppress—
Tremble! they shall have redress,
Lo! their groans are heard on high!

Tremble! tremble! well ye may,
Godless tyrants of a day—
Trampling on your fellow-clay!
Trampling *human heart* to dust!
Vengeance is the Lord's! beware!
He will list the poor man's prayer,
Raise the crushed, and chase despair!
Tyrants woe! THE LORD IS JUST!

THE LEVELLER.

BY BARRY CORNWALL.

The king he reigns on a throne of gold,
Fenced round by his right divine;
The baron he sits in his castle old,
Drinking his brightred wine:
But below, below, in his ragged coat,
The beggar he tuneth a hungry note,
And the spinner is bound to his weary thread,
And the debtor lies down with an aching head.
So the world goes,
So the stream flows;
Yet there's a fellow, whom nobody knows,
Who maketh all free,
On land and sea,
And maketh the rich like the poor to flee.

The lady lies down in her warm white lawn,
And dreams of her painted pride;
The milk-maid sings to the wild-eyed dawn
Sad songs on the cold hill's side:
And the bishop smiles, as on high he sits,
On the scholar who writes and stares by fits;
And the girl who her nightly needle plies,
Looks out for the source of life and dies.
So the world goes,
So the stream flows;
Yet there's a fellow, whom nobody knows,
Who maketh all free,
By land and sea,
And forceth the rich like the poor to flee.

Miscellany.

MARIE;
OR
Slavery in the United States.

From the French of Gustave de Beaumont, Colleague of de Tocqueville, in the United States.

(Translated for the Standard.)

CHAPTER VI.
The Alms-House of Baltimore.

I had often remarked, that, at the same hour each day, Marie went out alone. There was nothing in this fact which ought, in itself, to surprise me; American usage permitting young girls to traverse the city unaccompanied, whether for the sake of the walk, or to visit their friends. But these public promenades were not what attracted Marie, for I never met her in one of them; and, as she never received visitors, it was not likely she would have visits to make. In pondering on the long hours of her absence, I could not help suspecting that they were consecrated to some tender interest of the heart. My love for Marie was revealed to me by a sentiment of jealousy.

One day, having seen her depart at the accustomed hour, I experienced an inexplicable internal agitation, that I took for an unfavorable augury. Where is the man of so strong a mind as never to have known, amid the torments of love, the weakness of a superstitious feeling? I imagined that the secret sorrow that took possession of my soul, was an omen of some great and impending calamity. My head full of imaginations and my heart of passion, I followed the footsteps of Marie, but she was already out of sight. I stopped, thoughtful and troubled. I was ashamed of the vile espionage which I was about to indulge in; and instead of continuing my search in the city, I took the first street which led beyond its limits, and walked rapidly onwards, like a criminal flying from the scene of his guilt.

I had walked about a mile, by a road shaded on either side by a high forest, when I perceived, on the right, a large edifice, inscribed on the front, "Alms-House." I had often heard this charitable establishment boasted of in Baltimore. I felt no curiosity at this moment to see it; still, I know not what secret instinct drew me into this asylum of suffering, as if the sight of others' sorrow was the best relief for my own. I entered;—good heavens! what did I behold! The daughter of Nelson tending the sick and suffering! "Ah! it is here, then, that Marie—" this exclamation escaped me like the involuntary utterance of remorse; for the occasion of her mysterious absences was at once clear to me. Meanwhile, the shame of my odious suspicions was effaced in the happiness I experienced from the certainty of their injustice.

The young girl blushed deeply on my appearance. "Yes"—cried several feeble and plaintive voices, "Marie Nelson is our good angel. She knows secrets for healing the sickness of the soul. We all bless her." Every one of these words went to my heart. I said to Marie, "I wish to see the hospital. Will you be my guide through these miseries of humanity?" She assented.

I understood, at that moment, how easy it is to be good when we are happy. When I was afflicted, I looked upon the woes of others to withdraw my attention from my own. Freed from my grief, I visited the miserable to give them consolation. I knew, now, how those long hours had been employed which had so much disquieted my heart. The daughter of Nelson went over the halls, the galleries, and the sleeping-rooms of the house, as if this asylum of charity had been her daily abode. All the ways of it were familiar to her; all the superintendents showed her the utmost respect, and all pain seemed alleviated by her presence.

There are two systems of public charity in the United States. One is that of England, by which every one who cannot get work, or who pretends to be unable to obtain it, has a right to alms. The tendency of this principle is, to tempt every lazy fellow to represent himself to be poor, and to seek in the imprudent forecast of the law, an actual support which the most persevering labor might not furnish him. This sustains, while at the same time it degrades him, and is ruinous to society. Such is the system that prevails in New-York, in Boston, and throughout New England.

The other consists of beneficent institutions, which the poor have no legal right to enter, but to which they are admitted at the discretion of overseers of public appointment. According to this system, society contracts no obligation to sustain all, who are unable to sustain themselves;—it helps all it can. As aid may be refused, no one feigns distress, for in that case he would be sure of disgrace, without being sure of relief.

This is the French system and it is also adopted in Maryland.

The alms-house of Baltimore contains three classes of unfortunates; the poor, the sick, and the insane. Marie was received by them all with love, respect, and gratitude. "See," said she to me, "that young woman with the pale and hollow face, and dying look. She was once beautiful and maintained her children by the labor of her hands. Now she must soon die, stricken down by the fatal consumption, which cuts off so many young lives in this climate."

She drew near the bed, and as the patient took her hand, dropped a tear upon it. "Do not weep, my good young lady," said the poor woman—"I have seen you this morning, and I shall be well for the rest of the day."

Then Marie paused near a young girl. "She is blind, deaf, and dumb, from her birth; and though deprived of these main channels by which ideas reach us, she is endowed with great intellect, experiences very lively impressions, and succeeds in expressing them. Doubtless the deprivation of the senses she lacks, makes those of smell and touch, which she possesses, more subtle and energetic. See how she recognizes me by my hands and clothes! how tenderly she embraces me! how happy she is to press me to her heart!"

And the poor thing threw herself into the arms of Marie, and lavished on her a thousand caresses. This unfortunate being, who knew not that society has joys, rejoiced notwithstanding. Her whole expression was one of smiles, and a look of contentment sat upon her lips, unborrowed from other faces.

What was passing in this soul sitting in darkness? Whence came its tender emotions? It knew not the world in which we live, but had it not a world of its own, animated with its peculiar ideas, feelings, and passions? and do we understand that world any better than that soul understands ours? all there is as obscure to us as to it,—all is hidden in profound night.

The daughter of Nelson received a thousand benedictions as she passed. "From our hearts we pray God to make you happy;"—"Heaven crown you with its grace;"—they said—"because you visited the afflicted."

I was now struck with the fact of the great superiority of women over us, in the exercise of charity. Their benefits are never felt as burdens, because, with them, as it is the heart which confers, so it is the heart which receives. The humanity of man, on the contrary, almost always has its source in the head. This makes it oppressive to the unfortunate; for if a man does a benevolent act because reason dictates that the rich should succor the poor, it is felt that reason at the same time teaches that the party obliged is below him who obliges, as the poor are below the rich. Such are not the teachings of the heart or of religion. According to them, the poor being equal to the most opulent, gratitude is equally due between them, as well to him whose indigence gives the rich man the privilege of bestowing, as to him whose riches enables him to dispense the benefit. Man protects, by his strength; woman consoles with her weakness.

Soon, lamentable sounds reached my ear. "They are," said Marie, "the cries of the poor maniacs."

Two among these, particularly drew my attention and excited my pity. They had arrived at madness by opposite ways.

The first, condemned to solitary confinement for homicide, had lost his reason while in his cell, and had passed from the penitentiary to the hospital. There was, in his madness, something cruel, like his crime. All night long he dreamed that an eagle was hovering over his head, watching for the instant of his awakening, to devour his heart. Even in the day-time he was tormented by bloody phantoms, and when I saw him, was addressing this strange reproach to his jailer:—"What barbarity!" (looking at me, as if to demand redress.) "I had a butterfly as a companion in my cell, and these cruel creatures have killed it!" Marie assured me that there was not a word of truth in this. The imaginary destruction of an insect, had become the torture of this murderer of his fellow-creature!

The other was a young girl of perfect beauty, whose religious fervor had been carried to an excess that had over-mastered her reason. Her face wore a charming expression of candor; in her beautiful black eyes, which were constantly raised to Heaven, shone the sentiment of entire beatitude. Nothing on earth attracted her attention; nothing troubled her ecstacy. She was truly an angel, for she dwelt already in Heaven, taking no cognizance of earth:—but then this is madness.

Thus from opposite points of departure these unfortunates had reached together the same end,—one by crime, the other by innocence. These are the mysteries of human nature. The same asylum receives the pure and candid soul which dreamed here below of the felicity of heaven, and the cruel wretch who delighted to shed human blood. Society had banished them both from her bosom, as if she could as ill bear the extreme of good as the extreme of evil.

I had abandoned myself to these sad reflections, when I heard frightful howlings. The keeper explained to me that they were the cries of a negro seized with furious delirium. The occasion of his madness was as follows. There is, in Maryland, an American whose profession it is to buy and to sell slaves. He has an immense trade, and is, perhaps, the greatest dealer in human flesh in the United States. All the colored population know and hate him. It seems as if the hatefulness of Slavery had become personified in him. The poor negro, whose voice you hear, was brought by this man from Virginia to Maryland, to be sold there; and endured, during the route, such cruel treatment that his reason wandered in consequence. Since that time one fixed idea pursues him, and does not leave him an instant of repose. He always sees his mortal enemy at his side, watching the opportunity to cut slices of flesh from his body, which he supposes him to be famishing for. His fury is so great that no one can approach him. He takes every one he sees for the negro-dealer. There is but one single person who has any power over him. He becomes quiet when he sees Marie Nelson. I know not by what charm of tender compassion, in the power of women only, she has found access to his heart. He is, in fact, of all the poor creatures confined here, the one for whom she seems to feel the liveliest sympathy; and that is what I cannot understand, for he is a man of color.

We approached the cell from whence came the cries of rage. "Look!" said the keeper, opening the door.

I saw a negro of lofty stature and look of masculine energy. His features were noble, and his limbs announced great muscular strength. His mouth foamed with rage, and his eyes shot glances of indignation. At the sight of me, he threw himself into a defensive attitude, making a weapon of the chain with which he was loaded. "Monster!" cried he—"you thirst for my blood! but keep off!" As he spoke he showed his teeth, white as ivory incased in ebony, and made signs of devouring me if I approached.

Then Marie took my place. "My friend," said she to him, "It is I." These few words arrested his fury as by magic. "Oh!" said he, with a gentle voice, "I fear nothing when I see you. Everybody but you tries to kill me."

Marie tried to convince him that no one there would harm him. As soon as she passed on, I stepped back to look at him a second time, that I might judge of the effect of her words. His rage had already returned.

His insanity presented a fearful image, and I retained a most painful impression of it, though the feeling was alleviated by the recollection of Marie's compassion. Since I had been in America I had not before seen a white take pity on a negro. I heard it continually repeated that people of color were unworthy of commiseration, and merited only contempt. The daughter of Nelson, at least, did not share this odious prejudice.

I returned to the city alone, Marie not having chosen that I should accompany her. "Perhaps," she said, "you will one day thank me for my refusal." I did not receive any idea from her words.

I bore with me from the alms-house various and differing emotions. It was impossible to witness without oppression of heart, all these infirmities of our poor human nature, assembled in a single view; but it is not an entirely sad recollection which contains the germ of a sweet thought. Each of these cases of suffering, of which I retained the memory, recalled to me the angel of consolation.

Shall I confess it?—I preserved, from this visit to an asylum of all kinds of misery, an impression of personal happiness with which I often reproached myself. My pity for the wretchedness was sincere; but this feeling did not alone fill my soul. There was also a self-reference, which prompted to the reflection that not one of all these afflictions attached itself to me. The near presence of Marie, her gracious beauty made still more beautiful by the lustre of her goodness, the promise of happiness which I found in the thought of her love, all the futurity of delight which seemed opening before me,—all these bright imaginings were contrasted in my thoughts with the miserable and abject lives of these disfigured beings, a reproach to nature, and rejected of society, condemned from their birth to opprobrium, to all infirmities, and all the afflictions of body and soul! And I inwardly enjoyed this comparison, thinking myself superior, because I was more fortunate.

Alas, what had been my confusion if a voice from heaven had descended as a thunderbolt upon the pride and the passion of my soul, and announced that I should one day suffer anguish unknown to these unfortunates!

Meanwhile the thought of the alms-house and the young girl I met there, never left my memory.

That which neither family affection, nor the love of country, nor the sublime attractions of nature had been able to effect, she had accomplished. My ambition was extinguished; my restless and adventurous humor corrected; and I now saw but one possible future—always to love Marie. I aspired but to one single joy—to be loved by her.

I had come to America to satisfy an insatiable thirst for violent emotions, and sublime transports; and now a sentiment full of gentle sweetness, gave peace to my agitated soul, and regulated the disordered movements of my heart.

I came, to watch the development of a great nation, its institutions, its manners, its wonderful prosperity; and a woman was now the only object worthy of my admiration and my enthusiasm.

CHAPTER VII.
The Mystery.

I told Marie of my love, my wishes, and my hopes; but she received strangely these revelations of my heart.

A ray of joy shone in her beautiful eyes, that was almost immediately extinguished by a cloud of sadness.

She avoided my presence, and yet seemed happy when we met. Her glance sought mine, but still as if against her will; her voice, naturally so sweet, was changed; her lips yet smiled, but her eyelids showed a circle of melancholy which deepened every day.

I often questioned her upon the causes of her grief. Once she replied, "All your words promise joy, while my destiny condemns me to wretchedness. You see what an abyss separates us."

If I inquired further, she answered only by a mournful silence and a heart-rending glance.

From this hour, I quitted Nelson and his children no more.

We were separated only on Sunday, during the hours of service; they attending the Presbyterian and I the Catholic church.

I remarked in them great regularity in the fulfilment of their religious duties. One day George having reached the church a few moments after the service had begun, Nelson severely reprimanded him. "Think," said he, "what would be the joy of the Unitarians and the Methodists, if they should perceive the least failure in the zeal of our congregation."

I saw with regret this ardent sectarism in the household of Nelson, for I feared lest it might raise a barrier between his daughter and me. He often spoke to me of his faith and of mine, and once he said to me, "You judge of our worship without understanding it;—come to the Presbyterian church with us." I consented, and accompanied them the next Sunday, and took a seat in their pew. I was able to follow the order of the service, thanks to the care of Marie, who lent me her book, and never failed, when one part was finished, to indicate the next.

This new form of worship made a very deep impression upon my mind. In our Catholic churches, we seem always to have something mediatorial, between our prayers and our God;—the consecrated priest, the unknown language, the ceremonial pomp, the incense ascending from the altar, the holy hymnings, and all the solemnity of the place. The eye ever encounters from the depths of the sanctuary the rays of a dazzling glory.

In the simple edifice which serves the Protestant as a temple, man finds himself in immediate communication with the Divinity. He speaks, himself, to the Divine Being, without consecrated language—without solemnity of ritual. The minister, his words, his costume, are nothing. He bears no character superior to those who surround him. The temple contains none but equal minds, addressing themselves to the Supreme intelligence.

EXTRACT FROM WILLIS'S LETTERS FROM LONDON.

MY DEAR MORRIS:—You may remember that some months since I became enamored of a book called "Proverbial Philosophy"—quoting from it in almost every article I wrote for the Mirror, and at last naming the author, and commending it to our readers as a treasure of sweet wisdom most curiously overlooked. The measure in which it was written was that of the Proverbs of Solomon, and it had all the well-chiselled finish and complete truthfulness of a collection of time-worn sayings. I thought that it was probably an old book overlooked, or that the author was an old man who had passed his life in hoarding up shrewd apothegms, and had at last given them to the world in compact chapters. Great was my surprise, a day or two since, on coming home to my lodgings, to find a card on my table bearing this author's name—Mr. MARTIN FARQUHAR TUPPER.

I called on Mr. Tupper the next day with some curiosity—picturing to myself, however, a gray-headed patriarch, and preparing myself to treat him with proper reverence, and express very gratefully my sense of the honor of his visit. I was shown into a very elegant library of well-thumbed books, by a servant in mourning livery, and after employing myself a few minutes in looking at the statuary and other marks of taste around me, enter——a very young man with black curling locks, twenty-seven at the utmost, ruddy and handsome, and with a manner boyishly cordial! One draws his breath very long after such an overturn of his anticipations!

I believe we have made for this gentleman, a large parish of enthusiastic admirers, and I am quite sure that "Proverbial Philosophy" is now treasured as a book, not merely to read, but to study and live with, (after the manner of a *vade-mecum*,) by thousands of lovers of thought in our reading country. To these it will be interesting to know, that Mr. Tupper has written several other delightful books, which I shall send you, and which you can extract from, as I did from the other, till the publishers see fit to give you an American edition of them. I am not sure whether "The Crock of Gold" has not been re-published already, but "The Modern Pyramid" has not, nor has "Geraldine, and other poems," nor a smaller volume called "A Thousand Lines."

He has kindly presented these to me, and I shall give you some account of them as I read them.

Mr. Tupper is a man of fortune, and has a beautiful residence in the country, as well as a house in town—caring little for the profits of literature, and writing only to please himself. He is the most *courageously natural* man, in his manners and conversation as well as in his books, whom I ever met with. Considering the aristocratic class he belongs to, this is much more a wonder. He talks directly *at* the truth, with no disguises, no heed of usages, no reserves, and no apparent dread of being misunderstood. His account of his reasons for writing his Proverbial Philosophy, (given me in ten minutes after we first met, but so connected with his private life that I could not repeat it,) was to my mind, one of the most beautiful instances of bold and frank simplicity possible to conceive. His mind follows no other man's. It runs, as the French says, *à travers* to everything. How he preserves his originality is the miracle—though with secluded habits, and the complete hedgings-in of wealth and individual privacy in this country, he is probably in the only place and circumstances in the world where it would long continue.

You would like to see how Mr. Tupper writes, in your own favorite style and stanza, my dear General, and I will close this notice by giving you a couple of his songs from "A Thousand Lines:"—

NEVER GIVE UP!

Never give up! it is wiser and better
Always to hope than once to despair;
Fling off the load of Doubt's cankering fetter,
And break the dark spell of tyrannical care:
Never give up! or the burden may sink you—
Providence kindly has mingled the cup,
And in all trials or troubles, bethink you,
The watchword of life must be, Never give up!

Never give up! there are chances and changes
Helping the hopeful a hundred to one,
And, through the chaos, High Wisdom arranges
Ever success—if you'll only hope on:
Never give up! for the wisest is boldest,
Knowing that Providence mingles the cup,
And of all maxims the best as the oldest,
Is the true watchword of Never give up.

Never give up! though the grape-shot may rattle,
Or the full thunder-cloud over you burst,
Stand like a rock, and the storm or the battle
Little shall harm you, though doing their worst:
Never give up! if adversity presses
Providence wisely has mingled the cup,
And the best counsel in all your distresses,
Is the stout watchword of Never give up.

NATURE'S NOBLEMAN.

Away with false fashion, so calm and so chill,
Where pleasure itself cannot please,
Away with cold breeding, that faithlessly still,
Affects to be quite at its ease;
For the deepest in feeling is highest in rank,
The freest is first in the band,
And nature's own nobleman, friendly and frank,
Is a man with his heart in his hand.

Fearless in honesty, gentle yet just,
He warmly can love and can hate,
Nor will he bow down with his face in the dust
To Fashion's intolerant state:
For best in good breeding, and highest in rank
Though lowly or poor in the land,
Is nature's own nobleman, friendly and frank,
The man with his heart in his hand.

His fashion is passion, sincere and intense,
His impulses, simple and true,
Yet temper'd by judgment, and taught by good sense,
And cordial with me, and with you:
For the finest in manners, as highest in rank,
It is *you*, man! or *you*, man! who stand
Nature's own nobleman, friendly and frank,
A man with his heart in his hand!

I predict that the author of these fine songs and of Proverbial Philosophy, will yet be one of the best known and most loved authors, whose books cross the water to us. * * * * *

Form the Boston Atlas.

A VISIT TO MRS. HEMANS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PEN AND INK SKETCHES."

At this time Mrs. Hemans was separated from her husband, and resided at Wavertree, to which place she confined herself, in order that her sons might receive the benefits of tuition in the neighboring city. A more unsuitable locality for one of her temperament, could hardly be conceived, for there was nothing of beauty in the neighborhood to recommend it; and to one brought up amongst the wild scenery of Wales, it must have been, at times, dreary indeed. The separation, too, from the father of her children, must have preyed deeply on her spirit; but she seldom alluded to this subject, although great curiosity was excited to know the cause. Captain Hemans lived at home, and still corresponded with his wife respecting the education of their children. His habits and tastes were entirely different from those of his wife, and a separation, though not a legal one, was agreed upon. Of course, a hundred rumors were in circulation, and those officious personages, who preferred attending to other persons' affairs, gossipped to their heart's content. I shall not follow their example, and retail any of the many stories prevalent on this subject; holding the opinion that if a man and wife choose to live apart, it is their business, and theirs alone—and such subjects should be strictly classed amongst those with which a stranger should intermeddle not.

It was about four in the afternoon when the Wavertree stage set me down at about one hundred yards from the place of my destination. The house in which the poetess resided was one of a row, or terrace, as it was called, situated on the high road, from which it was separated only by the little footway and a little flower-garden, surrounded by a white-thorn hedge. I noticed, that of all the houses on either side of it, hers was the only one adorned with flowers—the rest had either grass lawns or a plain gravel surface—some of them even grew cabbages and French beans!

My knock at the door was answered by a servant girl—one of the pretty Lancashire witches, by whom I was shown into a small parlor, where I remained, whilst my letter and card were taken to the lady of the house.

It was a very small apartment, but everything about it indicated that it was the home of genius and of taste. Over the mantel shelf hung a fine engraving of William Roscoe, author of the Lives of the De Medici, with a presentation line or two in his own handwriting. The walls were decorated with prints and pictures, and on the mantel shelf were some models, in *terra cotta*, of Italian groups. On the table lay castes, medallions, and a portfolio of choice prints and water-color engravings: but I was too much excited to pay much attention to such matters, and so I sat down, anxiously awaiting the entrance of the poetess.

And never before or since have I felt in such a flutter of excitement. For years and years I had read her poetry, and imagined all sort of things about the authoress. I had been told that she was beautiful, and readily believed it—but I anticipated some disappointment in this respect—in fact, I can scarcely tell how I felt, when I heard the rustling of silks, and saw a lady enter the room.

Well—I *am* disappointed, was the rapid thought which passed through my brain. The lady was interesting looking enough—but bore no resemblance whatever to the engraved portraits of Mrs. Hemans—she was much younger too, than I imagined Mrs. H. to have been. And—to put the reader out of suspense, it was not the poetess of the affections—but her close and attached friend, Miss Jewsbury, who had been deputed by Mrs. Hemans, to make excuses for a few moments delay in receiving me.

Miss Jewsbury was one of the most frank and open-hearted creatures possible. She gracefully apologized for acting as Mrs. Hemans's *locum tenens*, and made me feel quite at my ease. I did not know then who the lady was—but being aware that Mrs. Hemans had a sister who frequently set her songs to music, I imagined that my fair companion must be her. I was not undeceived until after Mrs. Hemans had made her appearance.

It was not long before the poetess entered the room. She held out her hand and welcomed me in the kindest manner, and then sat down opposite me—but, before doing so, introduced Miss Jewsbury.

I cannot well conceive of a more exquisitely beautiful creature than Mrs. Hemans was. None of the portraits or busts I have ever seen of her, do her justice, nor is it possible for words to convey to the reader any idea of the matchless, yet serene beauty of her expression. Her glossy waving hair was parted on her forehead, and terminated on the sides, in rich and luxuriant auburn curls—there was a dove-like look in her eyes, and yet, there was a chastened redness in their expression. Her complexion was remarkably clear, and her high forehead looked as pure and spotless as Parian marble. A calm repose, not unmingled with melancholy, was the characteristic expression of the face—but when she smiled, all traces of sorrow were lost, and she seemed to be but "a little lower than the Angels"—fitting shrine for so pure a mind! Let me not be deemed a flatterer or an enthusiast, in thus describing her—for I am only one to many, who have been almost as much captivated by her personal beauty, as charmed by the sweetness and holiness of her productions. If ever poesies were the reflex of the beauties, personal and mental of their writers, they were indeed so in the case of Mrs. Hemans.

We talked, of course, a great deal about poetry and poets, and she asked me if I had seen Wordsworth?

On my replying that I had not, she said: "You will be almost as much delighted with the man as with his works. He is delightful—I once saw him at St. Asaphs, and he spent half a day with me, reciting his own poetry."

We talked of L. E. L. Mrs. Hemans said she had received several letters from her, containing pressing invitations to visit London. "A place I never was in, and never wish to be," she observed. "My heart beats too loudly, even in this quiet place, and there I think it would burst. The great Babel was not made for such as me."

She was very much pleased with an anecdote which I told her, with which one of her poems had something to do. It was this.

Near the city of Bath is a secluded little church yard, in which, among other monuments, is one of pure white marble, on which was engraven the name of a nobleman's daughter, and her age—seventeen. In addition to this was the following stanzas from Mrs. Hemans's poem, 'Bring Flowers:'

"Bring flowers, pale flowers, o'er the bier to shed,
A crown for the brow of the early dead,
For this from its bud hath the white rose burst,
For this in the woods was the violet nurst:
They have a voice for what once was ours,
And are love's last gift—Bring ye flowers, pale flowers."

The space around that grave was filled with white flowers of all descriptions, planted for the most part by stranger hands. No one ever removed a blossom from the grave, and there they flourished, as if in obedience to the mandate of the poetess. It was one of the most grateful tributes ever paid to genius.

"Come—I will show you my poetic mint," she said—and she led the way to a room over the one in which we were sitting. It was a very small place, but neat almost to a fault. There was no author-litterings. Everything was in order. An open letter lay on the table. She pointed to it, and said, laughingly:

"An application for my Autograph, and the postage unpaid. You cannot imagine how I am annoyed with albums and such matters. A person, who ought to have known better, sent me an album lately, and begged a piece from me, if it was only long enough to fill up a page of sky-blue tinted paper, which he had selected for me to write upon."

In incidentally referring to her compositions, she said: "They often remain chiming in my mind, for day's before I commit them to paper. And sometimes I quite forget many, which I compose as I lay awake in bed. Composition is less a labor with me than the act of writing down what has impressed me, excepting in the case of blank verse, which always involves something like labor. My thoughts have been so used to go in the harness of rhyme, that when they are suffered to run without it, they are often diffused, or I lose sight, in the order of composition, of the leading idea altogether."

Mrs. Hemans's voice was peculiarly musical, and I would have given anything to have heard her recite some of her poetry; but I did not dare to hazard such a request, and feeling that I had intruded quite long enough on her time, I intimated my intention of taking my departure, when she begged me to partake of some refreshments, and with such an evident wish that I should do so, that I did not hesitate to drink a glass of wine and water before I left.

I must not omit to mention, for the special benefit of my fair readers, that Mrs. Hemans's dress was fair enough. She wore a white gown, (I really am not learned enough in such matters to say whether it was of cotton or muslin,) over which was thrown a black lace shawl—on her head was a cap of very open net work, without flowers or ornament of any kind.

It has been stated, with how much of truth I know not, that Mrs. Hemans was, at one period of her life, invited to take up her residence in the city of Boston, for the purpose of conducting a periodical work. Perhaps it was well that she did not accept the offer; for this uncertain and variable climate would, in all probability, have put a still earlier stop to her career, and deprived the world of many of her sweetest productions. As in the case with most, if not all of those who write, day after day, for the bread that perisheth, she endured rather than enjoyed life. A heart disease, with all its distressing accompaniments, harassed her mind, and wore away her frame, which, we are told, became, towards the last, almost etherealized, at the comparatively early age of forty-one, on the eve of the Sabbath of eternal rest, earth having scarcely "profaned what was born for the skies."

When I was in Dublin, owing to some unaccountable forgetfulness, I omitted to pay a passing tribute to the genius of the poetess, by visiting her tomb, which is in St. Ann's Church, Dublin, and over which is inscribed one of her own beautiful verses—her most appropriate epitaph:

"Calm on the bosom of thy God,
Fair spirit! rest thee now!
E'en while with us thy footsteps trod,
His seal was on thy brow.
Dust to the narrow home beneath!
Soul to its place on high!
They that have seen thy look in death,
No more may fear to die."

While I was last in Liverpool, waiting the sailing of the ship in which I came to this country, I was sitting one morning idly at the window of the Adelphi, considering how I should get through the day. As I sat and pondered, a stage with the name Wavertree passed by, and recalled to my mind the pleasant visit I had once paid to that village. I will go once again, thought I, if only to see what change has wrought there. I soon put my resolution into practice, and, ere long, I once more stood before the well-remembered house. The little flower-garden was no more, but rank grass and weeds sprung up luxuriantly—the windows were many of them broken—the entrance gate was off its hinges—the vine, in front of the house, trailed along the ground, and a board, with "This house to let" upon it, was nailed over the door. I entered the "deserted garden," and looked into the little parlor—once so full of taste and elegance—it was gloomy and cheerless. The paper was spotted with damp, and spiders built their webs in the corners. Involuntarily I turned away; and during my homeward walk mused upon the probable home and enjoyments of the two gifted creatures whom I had formerly seen at Wavertree. Both were now beyond the stars. Like one of them, I was about to quit my own, perhaps to die in a foreign land, and while a thousand things depressed my spirits, in almost bitterness of heart, I exclaimed, with Burke, "Alas! what shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue!"

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.
(Second Edition.)

JUST Published, and for sale at this office, a new work on Capital Punishment. By Charles Spear. It contains a variety of thrilling and instructive anecdotes; also, all the capital offenses in every State in the Union; and a speech from O'Connell on the subject. Also, several instances of the execution of the *innocent*. Facts are drawn from history and observation, and the entire scripture ground has been examined. The work is embellished with a fine engraving. Price, 62 1-2 cents.

Education and Industry!

THE Northampton Association of Education and Industry have appropriated a suitable tenement for the accommodation of 15 or 20 boarding pupils. They will be members of a family, under the care of the Director of Education, assisted by his wife, and other teachers, and will be subject to the same treatment and regulations as pupils who are members of the association. The name of the association indicates the idea of culture, towards the realization of which our efforts will be directed. Systematic, habitual industry is deemed indispensable to education, which should aim at the harmonious development of the physical, intellectual, moral, and religious tendencies in active, practical life.

We shall consider $100 a year as an equivalent for instruction and board; from which a suitable deduction will be made when a pupil comes for several years. The year will commence on the 1st of May, next, and will have no fixed and entire vacation. Pupils will be received for a year at any time.

O. MACK, *Director of Education.*

BROUGHTON MEADOWS, }
Northampton, April 14, 1844. }

Graham House, New Arrangement.

ROSWELL GOSS informs his friends and the public, that he has enlarged his Boarding Establishment, known as the

GRAHAM HOUSE, 63 BARCLAY STREET,

by adding to it the adjoining house, and is prepared to accommodate transient or permanent Boarders on the most favorable terms. All friends of Temperance desiring a quiet home, and freedom from the fumes of Alcohol and Tobacco, are invited to patronize this house. The vegetable system will be strictly adhered to, but a table will be served for those who prefer a mixed diet. Crotoa shower and warm baths free.

October 17. ROSWELL GOSS.

Associated Agency.

Central Office, 20 Wall Street, (basement,) New-York.

THE attention of persons who are desirous of improving their condition in life, is respectfully invited to the following great bargains now offered in this office.

864 acres of land with improvements, in Lyonsdale, Lewis Co. N. Y. 40 miles north of Utica, with half of the immense water-power of High Falls, on Black River a large and never-failing stream, with sixty feet fall, with a saw-mill in operation. The whole, or a part will be sold Price for the whole only $12,000.

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3,000 acres of valuable land in Luzerne Co. Pennsylvania, with improvements, water-power, &c. for $37,500

A large portion of the Town of Mount Carmel, Wabash Co. Illinois, with extensive tracts of land in the vicinity, including two villages, with Houses, Lots, Ferries Coal-Banks, and an abundance of water-power. Water communication by way of the lakes to New-York, and by the Mississippi to New Orleans.

A part of the town of Toolesborough, Louisa Co. Iowa, on the River Mississippi, with several thousand acres of land adjoining.

8,660 acres of first-rate rolling land in Lincoln Co. Missouri, on the Mississippi. 1,000 acres Prarie, the balance timbered land. Price $5,000.

20,000 acres of excellent farming land, very favorably situated in Hampshire Co. Virginia, at $2 an acre.

40,000 acres of choice selected land in Michigan, at $1 an acre.

2,500 acres of land in West Tennessee, Perry Co. will be sold, a great bargain.

60,000 acres, in Fentriss Co. Tennessee, in tracts varying from 1,000 to 5,000 acres each, of good farming land with Iron, Coal, Saltpetre, Epsom Salts, Copperas, and water-power.

214,000 acres in Washington, Green, Cock, Sevier and Blount counties, Tennessee, at 25 cents an acre. On these lands are Iron, Bituminous Coal, Fine Clay for Pottery, Feldspar, Quartz, Lime, Alum, and an inexhaustible supply of water-power.

Several of the above tracts of land are peculiarly adapted to the settlement of industrial Associations.

Also, for sale in this office, a great variety of Farms, Mills, Houses, Town-Lots, &c. in the different Counties of the States of New-York and New Jersey, and in all the Western States and Territories, at the lowest market prices, and with warranted title.

Having 26 Branch offices in the West, 9 in New England, and 4 in Europe, our Associated Agency offers the greatest facilities to persons wishing to buy, sell, or exchange Real Estate. All such are invited to command our services.

A principal object of the Association is, to put in practical operation a plan, by which persons wishing to purchase Real Estate of any description, may, with the least possible delay, trouble, or expense, be informed where they can find property for sale, adapted to their circumstances and wants; and by which the seller and, the buyer may be brought together, to make such transactions as may be mutually beneficial.

We have already a rich Register of property for salet to which we invite the attention of those who wish to purchase Real Estate of any description, or in any par of the country.

We also conduct an Agency for non-resident proprietors of Western Lands.

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BUFFUM & Co.

Basement Office, 20 Wall Street

November 28, 1844.—tf.

PHILADELPHIA ANTI-SLAVERY OFFICE.
No. 31, North Fifth street.

The National Anti-Slavery Standard, will be issued regularly from this office, on Thursday of every week.

TERMS—the same as in New-York; i. e. $2,00 a year if paid in advance; $2,50 if not